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**ON THE GENIUS OF JOHN MARTIN.**

WHEN, from among the ranks of a distinguished body of artists, there steps forward one, in whom all the ennobling qualifications and attributes of genius that can adorn and raise the character of art appear proudly pre-eminent, it becomes the duty of those, who are interested in raising the standard and watching over the interests of art, to enquire into the artistical qualifications of such an individual—to weigh justly his merits as an artist of no common attainments, and if—in proportion to these, he be found, after an accurate examination, to be worthy of that high award of eulogium, which is, if we may so speak, the true birthright of genius, to grant it to him in its richest and fullest sense; but if, on the other hand, he be weighed in the balance of merit, and found wanting in those high qualifications in which he had robed and plumed himself, the just reprobation and censure of all men should be employed against him in punishment of his pretension and audacity.

We presume there are few readers of our magazine, (artistical, literary or scientific) who are not acquainted with the name of John Martin, and to whom that name is not as “a household word,” embodying, in one conception, all that is great and glorious in art. Circumstances, to which we shall presently more particularly allude, have again brought the name of this distinguished artist, in a distinguished manner, before the public; and we need, therefore, we trust, offer no further apology to our readers, if we proceed, at the present time, to discuss in a few brief sentences his merits as an artist, and to give our just meed of praise to those magnificent conceptions of art,

with which *all* (and we are proud to say *all*) are in a great measure familiar.

In judging of the standard merit of any composition, be it artistic, literary or scientific, we are naturally led to the comparison of it with other works of a like nature, which have, as near as may be, a similar degree of excellence appertaining to them. But, if we proceed further in this argument, we shall find that the special reasoning *a priori* will fail in the instance before us, and that it would be worse than false to attempt to set up a standard of artistic comparison between John Martin and any other artist of the present day, or between his works and the works of any other artist. In this respect, John Martin resembles Sir Joshua Reynolds; he can be judged of only by himself, and not by comparison with another. It would be, in our opinion, doing him the greatest wrong and injustice were we to compare him (as has been done) with the late lamented President of the Royal Academy,—Sir Thomas Lawrence: for the only argument, which in our opinion could be used in common justice to both, is, that the one excelled precisely in those very great points of personal beauty and attraction, in which the other almost universally fails, and *vice-versa*:—the critic, therefore, who could set up a standard of comparison between these two great artists, must have been, we think, especially blinded to the great merits of each.

What is John Martin's style?—Is it a resuscitation of one whose first possessor has been for ages past gathered to the tomb of his fathers; but whose soul, replete with all the emblems of glory and beauty, has, in obedience to the eternal metempsychosis of existence, passed through myriads of human generations until it has reached its present abode, and has vivified the spirit it now inhabits into those magnificent conceptions of greatness and grandeur embodied in the *Feast of Belshazzar* and the *Fall of Nineveh*?—Or, is it from the innate and powerful impulse, and the upstirring of natural genius, that our artist has drawn all his rich and abundant stores of spirit-wealth to adorn and enrich the art he follows? We believe this latter argument to be the correct one; we have seen many attempt the same supernatural style in painting and conception, but, in the general effect, they have fallen most immeasurably short of that richness, extent, and magnificence of design, which are inherent in all the pictures of John Martin. Every picture of this artist may be truly looked upon as a separate *invention*; and we claim for him, therefore, this faculty, in its highest sense of interpretation, without the fear of one dissentient voice. Genius, rich and abundant as his, could never

have stooped to follow in the footsteps of greatness; he has chosen a high path in art, and he has led the way in it. The late venerable Benjamin West was among the first to perceive the great originality of our artist's genius, and, with a noble frankness, which did as much honour to one as it served for inspiration to the other, he predicted (and truly so) his future high career in art. There is a stamp of originality impressed upon the paintings of our artist—there is a greatness and a grandeur depicted on them which have never been achieved, or even portrayed, by any other artist, and which were never even dreamed of by men until they first flashed with electric splendour upon the unexpected public.

His pencil and his brush appear dipped in colours of fire; and whether the scene represented be of Earth, of Heaven, or of Hell, the same supernatural and magnificent effect is thrown over the whole. His cities, his towers, his walls, and his palaces, are of such wide extent, such height and breadth, that the spectator who gazes on them, for the first time, involuntarily calls up and associates them in his mind with the splendid imagery of some Arabian tale, or with the dreams he has dreamed of Memphis, Tyre and Thebes of old. The boundaries of space, extent, and dominion, which have been assigned to the usual rules of art, have been broken down by John Martin, and wide as his pencil has traversed the canvass, new forms and new creations, of supernatural glory and beauty, have sprung up beneath it, until the whole canvass has glowed with the lightning of some mighty and magnificent creation.

The subjects of his pictures are not taken from the common everyday scenes of life; his name is never attached to any "portrait of a gentleman," or to any picture of "still life;" the scenes which inspire his pencil are the vast, the terrible, the gloomy, the grand, the awful, the powerful, the supernatural, the mighty, and the magnificent; and these are as diversified as they are beautiful, and are all delineated with the hand, the power, and the skill of a master; whether the scene be of an immortal bower of paradise, or a glittering and magnificent city, or an old and solemn realm of ruin, the impress and the attributes of genius are alike stamped upon each. A critic has justly remarked, that "no painter has ever, like Martin, represented the immensity of space, none like him made architecture so sublime, merely through its vastness; no painter like him has spread forth the boundless valley or piled mountain upon mountain to the sky, like him has none made light pour down in dazzling floods from heaven; and, none has like him painted the darkness visible of the infernal deeps."

The highest range of imaginative genius, and the richest powers of invention are, therefore, qualities which none will dispute him the possession of. Whilst, however, we grant him the free abundance of these great powers, we must, at the same time, remark, that in many of his pictures there are evidences of a cautiousness and littleness of *handling* his brush, which, when noticed, detract much from the general grandeur of effect, which his pictures do otherwise most unquestionably possess. Crowding, as he does, so many myriad beings in one picture, and including in the same space such an immensity of territory, a thousand dots stand in the place of as many human forms, and a dash of the brush covers a wide extent of dominion: yet, if we examine these dots and dashes, we shall find them all finished off with the same careful and cautious touch of the pencil, that the more extended and prominent parts of the picture are. And from this part of our subject the transition is easy to another portion of it, in which that greatness of genius which is Martin's own, is rendered still more proudly conspicuous.

We allude to the magical splendour and extent of his architectural perspective; and in the rich sum of knowledge which he possesses of this subject, he ranks superior to any artist living or dead—and we need scarcely tell our readers what rich and abundant proofs of this he affords in his paintings—it is a portion of his art in which he appears absolutely to revel with delight. Turner's perspective is rich and golden; but Martin's is more rich, varied, and dazzling still:—it gives a splendid and mighty extent of vastness to his landscapes, and spreads them out into such long rich vistas of light and shade, that their extent and altitude appear almost lost. It has been said, that the vast realms of perspective, which he places on the canvass, are only the *media* through which he realizes to the eye of the spectator the grandeur of the subjects which he employs for his pictures, and that the greatness of their extent are not present to his mind, but as he paints column after column, and dome upon dome, in the picture. We take leave to differ, *in toto*, from so hasty and crude a conclusion. We believe that the artist has the whole picture sketched upon the retina of his mind, before he embodies it in actual colours before him upon the canvass. On this point we are ready only to concede, that upon carefully going over every part of his picture, an artist may find many points which might be heightened in effect and beauty,—many dispositions of figure which it would be well to alter; and many effects of light and shade which might be increased or softened down; and in this latter opinion we are purposely borne



out by the fact, that the artist himself, whose works we are now considering, did alter and amend the disposition of some of the figures in the engraving from what they were in the painting of the Fall of Nineveh.

No one can look upon and admire the pictures of this artist, without being struck with the true and apparent fact, that in painting one picture he paints a thousand, and that the faults, with which he has been charged by some, of minuteness of detail, and of heightening up every part of a picture to such an exquisite degree of finish as almost to dazzle the spectator, may rather be considered as errors on the right side. Every column, every temple, and every vase of gold, is a separate study in itself; and, if one large picture were to be cut up and divided into several smaller ones, they would each form a most exquisite and beautiful bit of art:—and, if our memory serves us aright upon this subject, such an idea as this was at one time contemplated. Every picture which he paints is as a whole:—there is nothing left out which would militate against the general effect that the spectator is to have of the scene represented:—all the detail and design serve to one grand end. We will remark a little upon some of his pictures in corroboration of this fact. In his *Belshazzar's Feast* there was represented a magnificent hall, in which there were a thousand guests revelling at a banquet-feast; but this was not all, “the vessels of silver and of gold,” in which the feast was served, had been desecrated from the service of the Almighty for that very impious purpose, and, accordingly, the artist has displayed an immense variety of these in all parts of the hall, as serving to illustrate more particularly the character of the feast: and this is still made out in a more mysterious and wonderful manner, by the mystic letters written with a pen of lightning upon the wall—there they blaze in all their supernatural glory upon that impious regal board, whilst all around, save one, are suddenly struck with dreadful fear, terror, and dismay, and the attitude of every single figure in the picture, is made, more or less, to express this one general feeling throughout the whole of that vast assembly.

In *Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still* there is the same general concentration of design towards one great and mighty effect. Had Joshua stood alone on the wide plain without the city, all the effect would have centered in his attitude and bearing, and a total failure in the general end would, and must, have been the result—even had the figure of Joshua been done by Etty, or Haydon, who, as we shall show presently, are far superior to Martin in the *figurative*

department of their art. But, in the picture, Joshua does not stand alone—he is at the head of a mighty host, who stand fearfully watching the event of the sun standing still upon Gideon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. Combining still to render the effect more imposing, there is a mighty tempest and whirlwind of the elements introduced, and the distant city seems to stand in awful solitude during the mysterious hours of that awful phenomenon of nature.

Again, if we examine attentively the *Fall of Nineveh*, we shall find that the artist had abundant scope afforded him of concentrating many mighty conflicting passions into one general and great effect. The feelings which this painting depicts are of a more varied and conflicting nature, than in any other painted by this artist—a circumstance, which has been unaccountably lost sight of by those who have attempted to descant critically upon it. The time represented is at the siege and sacking of a mighty city:—there existed therefore no positive necessity for introducing any crash or conflict of the elements, the mighty warfare around, and within the city, would have been sufficient to concentrate the entire effect of the picture in the spectator's mind. In the distance is seen the dim magnificence of Nineveh, stretching away into almost boundless extent, and glaring and darkening beneath the lightning and the sulphurous fires which are consuming it. In the centre of the picture is represented the principal scene of the assault of the besiegers:—there is a wide breach made in the city-wall, and the galleys of the enemy are seen rapidly approaching. This prepares the spectator's mind for a scene of greater effect still, such as is represented in the foreground of the picture, where Sardanapalus, his wives and his concubines, are seen lingering awhile on the marble gallery, before they go to the vast funeral pile of gems and gold which has been raised for their destruction. This part of the picture is one of stirring and touching interest; and the artist has lavished all his powers, and nobly too, in depicting it—the parting grief of Azubah—the terror and fear of Huzzab, the captive queen, are beautifully contrasted with the firm determination and bearing of Sardanapalus himself. The vast funeral pile, rising up from amidst the glare of innumerable torches, and the dark shadowy figures of the priests—all combine to render this scene the concentrating one of the whole, and gives a fine finish to so noble and magnificent a picture.

We have heard an opinion given, and we believe on just grounds, that Martin never stooped to copy a fine figure, or even embarrassed the keen and rich temper of his imagination by the study

of artistical anatomy. We are willing to grant that to him, this might have been a matter of great drudgery, and that, whilst employed in the acquisition of so important and essential a branch of his art, he might have lost many a valuable hour in which the graphic ideas of his imagination might have been employed on some rich scene for another *Nineveh*. Yet we cannot, in this respect, entirely absolve him from, nor can he clearly disprove the charge of, wilful negligence and ignorance, which might here be brought against him, for not devoting his attention more particularly to a branch of his art, ignorance in which is not only culpable, but must have proved highly injurious to him. In the drawing, colouring, and attitude of his figures, he is always found to fail—the first is generally incorrect, the second is cold and statue-like, the third is almost always unnatural. It has generally been asserted, that the figure of Sardanapalus, in the *Fall of Nineveh*, formed a great exception to the sweeping asseverations which we have just made; but, for our own parts, we could never be brought to give our unqualified admiration to this figure. The attitude was stiff and formal, and the whole seemed to our eye to glare viciously on us from the canvass. And if further proof were yet required of the justness of our strictures on this point, we need only refer to the unqualified censure and reprobation which were heaped upon Mr. Martin's figure of Leila, in the last exhibition of the British Institution. We trust, however, that it is not yet too late for these great errors, which we have pointed out, of incorrect drawing, coldness of colouring, and unnatural attitude, to be retrieved and remedied by this (in every other branch of art) truly great master.

We have thus endeavoured to point out to our readers, what we consider to be the prevailing claims which Mr. Martin has to take a very high and distinguished rank among the artists of Great Britain; and we have now to enquire, and very briefly, in what way those claims have been received and acknowledged—first, by his brother artists, and secondly, by those who rejoice in the title of Patrons of British Art. By the first of these classes, taking them individually, we are happy to say that our artist has been judged according to the full award of his merits;—and has had every claim which justice could award him; yet, as if to add another proof to the true inconsistency of man, or of the nature which rules within him—as if to shew, we had almost said, what the overbearing spirit of jealousy and power can do—what shall we say to that great body of British

Artists, who constitute the members of the Royal Academy, when the truth stares them, and the whole world, in the face  
 THAT JOHN MARTIN IS NOT A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. But if this be a blot and an indelible stain of disgrace upon the Royal Academy, what shall we say to those *pseudo*-patrons of British Art, who profess their anxiety to support the FINE ARTS in this country? What shall we say to them, when they own, as own they must, that they never yet gave Martin one single commission, and never yet purchased one of his pictures? The only excuse we can naturally offer for the insanity of their conduct is, that the magnificent conceptions of our artist are of far too exalted a nature for their grovelling comprehensions. But the time is now gone by, and, as if in illustration of the old proverb of a prophet receiving no honour in his own country—justice, and tardy justice has at length been done to John Martin, but not by his own countrymen;—no, an infant kingdom has been the first, and hitherto the only one, to do justice to our artist.

Early in the summer advertisements were inserted in the daily papers inviting artists to send their pictures to the ensuing exhibition of art in Brussels; and our artist was among those who availed themselves of this invitation—and immediately forwarded his *Nineveh* with some other pictures to the scene of exhibition. The result was one highly gratifying in every respect to this excellent artist himself, and flattering likewise to those amongst whom he was here as a brother. The King of Belgium immediately honoured him with the order of *Leopold*—he was elected, without solicitation, a member of the Belgic Academy, and the Belgian Government, obeying their own feelings, as well as listening to the general desire of the people, purchased at his own price (two thousand guineas) *The Fall of Nineveh*. Though, whilst writing this, we feel a deep and bitter regret that our government and our country, have not been first to set so noble and honourable an example for others to follow;—but that for the future we must rest contented to follow where we ought to have led—yet for the artist's sake, and, for the sake of art in general do we rejoice—sincerely and gladly rejoice,—that, that justice which he has so long and so richly deserved has been at last done him. Let the Royal Academy pause, and consider of these things—let the patrons of British Art visit the studio where the *Nineveh* was conceived—then let them read what we have said of this great artist, let them digest our remarks and own our judgment true. We may possibly return to this subject on some future occasion.

# SKETCHES BY A PRACTISING ARCHITECT. No. IV.

"And so, ere answer knows what question would,

(Saying in dialogue of compliment ;

And talking of the Alps and Appenines,

The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)

It draws toward supper in conclusion so."—K. John.

AFTER being harassed by certain of the "Fullmoneys," "Pay-naughts," &c., &c., as described in the former Sketches, the young architect fancies he has at length met with a patron of genuine stamp—one who has travelled through each varied scene of classic Italy ; talks in raptures of the *Museo-Vaticano*, the *Palazzo Borghese*, and the *Campo Vaccino* (for he is much too refined to vulgarize either by an English appellation ;) shews you his beautiful Mosaics from Rome, his marble vases from Florence, and lastly refers you, with pride, to a magnificent copy of *Il nostro Palladio* purchased at Vicenza, the great architect's birth-place, and the stage of his chief professional enactments. "Ah," says he, with a sort of melancholy—a most humorous melancholy, like that of Jaques—and, turning over, at the same time, his folio of Palladian design, "Ah, sir, we can't do *such* things now-a-days:—*There's* proportion ! *There's* harmony ! *There's* decorative style !"

Not less pleased with his classic zeal, than impressed with due notions of your own rival genius, you suffer him to expend his outpourings of exclusive homage to the shrine of "il nostro Palladio," resolved on availing yourself of the opportunity he is about to afford you—determinate on proving, that you can do, at least what by-gone others have done, and, very possibly, something more. You know, well enough, that even Palladio had the usual faults of a primitive reformer or restorer—faults, which tell not to *his* shame, though, in their repetition at this advanced era of improvement, they unquestionably would to *yours*. You will preserve the informing *spirit* of the Venetian school of architecture, only to be the more vivid by its purification from error and adulteration. You will clarify it with *Burlingtonian* chasteness, and refine it with Greek simplicity. In a word, you go to work with more confidence than hope ; and, on finishing your designs, submit them, perhaps, to the approval you expected.

Your elevation is neat in outline, delicate in its ornamental drawing, and shaded, and colored, and toned with artistical effect. Your plans are sweetly tinted, and lettered with fascinating niceness. Your sec-

tions, to be sure, are rather puzzling—particularly to the ladies—but again and again they turn to the elevation of the front which is deemed even pretty enough for the album of the eldest daughter. A few questions touching the relative localities of the several rooms are asked with confiding indifference, and answered with a matter-of-course assurance. Thus your “fair drawings” pass muster, and you are commissioned to prepare all the necessary working plans and specifications. In your youthful enthusiasm, they are executed in the most elaborate manner. Every variety of capital, cornice, frieze, architrave, and base, both for the exterior and interior is made out in detail and “at large.” The specification is as long and wordy as a lawyer’s brief. One preparatory measure yet remains: the provision of that fearful thing—the Estimate!

“Tis done. Only as much again as the sum always contemplated by your patron, though not, till now, known to yourself. Reduce, reduce, is now the cry; and away, “at one fell swoop,” go all your pretty columns and their pediment! “Good patience!” cries Sir Anglo Pallady, “why, sir, you’ll ruin me by the expenses of my front and leave me no provisions for my inside. With all my admiration for the splendours of Vicenza, I must still consider the limits of my means. Remember what the great Bacon says;—*Houses are built to live in, and not to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had. Leave the goodly fabrics of houses, for beauty only, to the enchanted palaces of the poets, who built them with small cost.*”

Such is precisely the veering weathercock argument of the thousand classic votarists, here represented by our one delectable Sir Anglo. A weak breath of affected or thoughtless admiration for Italian art keeps the vane poetic-ward, till a strong blast from the more truly constituted quarter of his mind, suddenly whisks to the right about, and it stands fixed pocket-ward. Nor is its latter direction, of necessity, wrong; for, if the means of pecuniary supply be really wanting, the architect and his patron would be equally wanting in honesty, should they incur the heavy consequences of decorative expense. The error is, in falsely attributing the splendours of the Vicentine Palace, to any now unattainable superiority in its architect. At the least, we can exactly copy the lauded example, and it should go hardly with us if we could not improve upon it. The art is not so subtle in its nature as to baffle modern scrutiny: on the contrary, it partakes so much of science, that improvement is almost the necessary concomitant of progressing time. One improvement has, at all events, been brought



into action, viz. a very reasonable reluctance to enter upon schemes too costly for perfect completion, or upon such as in that completion leave their projectors to feed upon the retrospect of having advanced an architect's fame by the ruin or discomfiting reduction of their family fortune. Half the palaces of the Vicentine nobility are unfinished. Their proprietors, in effecting that half, exhausted their means, and left their children to market parsimoniously and to garnish their humbled fare with talk of "*il nostro Palladio*." If Sir Anglo will do the same, he will assuredly find *il suo Palladio*. If John Bull will change his beef and plum-pudding for a crust and butter, he shall have Corinthian columns where he has at present only a plain brick wall; or, to make a more reasonable draught upon his comforts, his house shall be sufficiently exalted by decorative pride, if he will but forego his superfluities of domestic luxury, his debilitating drinks, and a portion of his racing stud.

To return to our more particular business with Sir Anglo. Away go your columnar decorations, and Parker's stucco is to take the place of Portland stone. Still the general outline is left, and Palladian taste has yet some opportunity in the exercise of an admired proportion between "solid and void"—in that "beauty which originates in design, and is not *superinduced* by ornament, and by that happy something between flat and prominent, which charms both in front and profile," and of which Forsyth is so justly enamoured. According, therefore, to the reduced scheme, the works begin to rise in palpable brick and mortar. Peculiar ideas of *convenience* now begin to show themselves, as over-ruling, in Sir Anglo's mind, where, before, they were subservient to Italianized notions of *taste*. Alarming questions are constantly being made, touching a positively demanded accordance with all the usual habits of the English builder—aye, of the heretofore *despised* English builder! He seriously *hopes* you have made his windows "as high and as wide as his friend Maxwell's, which are just within the tax law for single lights:"—He fancies, from what he now sees performing on the second floor level, (but which he overlooked in the designs) that "you are thinking of giving him those vile *square* windows that admit such a paucity of light into the bed rooms of his friend Trollope's house built by that fellow ———."\* In short, he expresses a score of the most fearfully indigenous notions, and leaves you choking in the consciousness, that such an issue of matters will be expected as is totally incompatible with the principles on which

\* No matter an eminent architect.

you have acted—principles, originating in a silly belief, that when Sir Anglo talked so enthusiastically of Palladio, he knew what he was talking about. Sir, it was all fudge! He talked unwittingly—he knew not what.

Your situation is now such as to afford a most wholesome trial to your patience. Beware the “quietus” of a “bare bodkin;” for the chances are, you’ll be induced to think of using it, mindless of the “something after death!” which poor Hamlet speaks of as the support of “patient merit” under the “spurns of the unworthy.” However lofty may have been your patron’s wordy aspiring, he merely contemplated the usual jog-trot horizontal course, as in a gig, and you have taken him with you, as in the car of a balloon!—“Good God!” exclaims he, “where am I going? Stop! Stay! Halloo!” It’s too late. The ropes are cut. He insists on immediate descent. The gas is too slow in escaping; so, out with the parachute; and, if you escape with a whole neck, put up, at once, your praises to heaven, and your Palladio upon your book-shelf, there to be ready for your own occasional reference, but even to remain a dead letter to Sir Anglo, whose talk and travels only serve to verify the poet’s couplet,—

“How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,  
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.”

It is in this liability to be at once criticised by foreign rule and compelled by home example, that the young architect finds, perhaps, his greatest plague, vacillating between a wish to consult his patron’s professed admiration for works of standard merit, and a desire to give some play to his own inventive power, he produces even less than the “bastard issue” intended: for the mushroom caprices of his employer, springing with unexpected spontaneity upon the half-grown creature of his divided care, smother his functions in surmise, till, “nothing *is*—but what *is not*.”

So that, in truth, both parties may be equally wrong. Sir Anglo, in his critical quackery; and his architect, in the prostitution of his independent professional duty. That, which has been urged again and again elsewhere, may once more be echoed here, viz. the important truth, that art will effect nothing great, while it seeks for favour in a servile obedience to the no-meaning whimsicalities of individual patronage. The monarch who truckles to the will of his prime-mistress will be as likely to win the applause of his country at large, as the artist who is influenced by the fal lal of a Sir Anglo, except as a wholesome measure of correction; for, it is certain, that, in many

instances, nothing more justly severe can be devised, than the exact fulfilment of his professed wishes. Give him a fac-simile of one of his Palladian idols, and see how he'll rave at the god, which e'en now he worshipped. Then will "even handed justice commend the ingredients of his poisoned chalice to his own lips."

Art, to succeed, *must* command: but it therefore follows not that she must be imperious. The injunctions she puts upon her delegates are simply these;—to *seem* acquiescent, and to *be* over-ruling. At any rate, be independent; and let the canon of your practice be that propounded by Mela Britannicus:—"The criterion of a good architect consists, not so much in treading in the steps of ancient professors of the art, as in the power of feeling the spirit of the age in which he lives, and in considering, whether or no his plans proposed, square with the ideas of social order current in his time, as well as with those ways of life, which denote a later and more extended civilization."

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#### MALVINA.

In yon sequestered spot, the rank weeds wave,  
All mournfully above Malvina's grave;  
Drear was her death, her life so full of woe,  
It seems a mock'ry that our tears should flow.

But oh! 'twas sweet at evening's stilly hour,  
When souls are tuned to melancholy power,  
To gaze with her on yonder cloudless sky,  
Or listen to her angel melody.

To think that this is changed, we mourn her gone,  
But not like those on whom no hope has shone;  
The eye of faith may mark that glorious sun:  
Reward of Christians when their work is done.

That sun which beams in mercy on our race,  
Has lit Malvina to her Father's face.

M. S. J.

\* Charles Kelsall, Esq.

## SPANISH TOWNS. No. V.

## MALAGA.

MALAGA, in an opposite direction, is about the same distance from Gibraltar as Cadiz, and the journey from one place to the other is usually performed in the same way, namely, on horseback. The country, one has to traverse too, is similar in character, that is to say, mountainous, bushy, rocky, pathless, and houseless; but, confiding in the experience and integrity of his guide, the judicious traveller, particularly if he have a taste for the picturesque, plunges, at all hazards, into the thorny desert, rather than trust to the casualties of the sea. Those fierce easterly winds, called *Levantes*, so constantly springing up in the Mediterranean, frequently continue blowing with unmitigated fury for days together, and, when it is recollected that their violence has been sufficient to capsize and swamp a fine, well-appointed British frigate, with the whole of her crew, the wisdom of avoiding them, if practicable, whether as a source of actual danger, or as a cause of detention simply, will be equally admitted; but what an individual has still more to apprehend from a coasting trip in this part of the world, is the possibility of getting the yellow flag hoisted over his head—of being greeted on his arrival at port with a hint, that in consequence of an informality in the ship's papers, or the susceptibility of some trifling portion of her cargo—the suspected illness of one of her crew, or something new in the sanatory regulations of the government,—he is to consider himself under quarantine—a rigid quarantine of several days, the slightest infraction of which is punishable with death. The miseries incidental to such an ordeal depend, of course, on a variety of circumstances, but principally on the length of its duration.

Among the numerous cases of hardship recollected by the writer, was that of an unfortunate Scotsman who had sailed from the Tay in command of a trader in the beginning of December, but who, owing to an extraordinary accumulation of disaster on the road, did not reach his destination at Cadiz till the beginning of the March following. His consignee chanced to be dining at the *table d'hôte* of the English hotel, when he received the first intimation of his tardy arrival. The captain informed him by letter that he had sailed from Dundee on the 1st of December, but that in consequence of a succession of gales which he had experienced in the Bay of Biscay, on the

coast of Portugal, and elsewhere, and the consequent damage sustained in his sails and rigging, he had been totally unable to effect his passage sooner; that a tremendous sea had carried away his bulwarks, together with the galley and cook, but that he trusted no injury had been done to the cargo; that he hoped to God, that after being buffeted about all that time at sea, he should not be sent to Port Mahon, as it would take a fortnight more to get there, the same to return, and, what with the forty days detention in quarantine and the time consumed afterwards in ventilation, it would be at least six months before he could complete his discharge; that he had a couple of cabin-passengers on board, who, after so dismal a passage, were in the utmost despair at the idea of going on to Minorca; and, in conclusion, that he and they hoped and trusted he, the consignee, would take their case into his most serious consideration, and represent the extreme hardship of the same to his Excellency, the Governor, so that their speedy release might be effected. The ill-starred commander wound up his doleful epistle with the precautionary words, "errors excepted," which provoked the laughter of every person present, save one, who was his countryman, and expressed the charitable wish that, for the credit of his nation, before he had thus committed himself, he had gone down, ship and all, to the bottom of the sea.

Sandy's appeal, however touching in itself, touched not the hearts of the Spanish authorities, for, in spite of the well-enforced representations of his consignee, he was sent to Mahon, with his two passengers, to undergo the usual probation.

This may be said to be an extreme case: that of the writer, who, on his first arrival in Spain, was put under quarantine at Gibraltar, was an extreme case also, favorably so, and yet sufficiently distressing. Our voyage from England was short, a circumstance in which passengers would commonly have found cause of mutual congratulation. Not so with us, for the term of our captivity, dated from the day of our departure from Falmouth; and, upon our removal from the steamer, which remained but a few hours at the rock, we were transferred to a less agreeable asylum, namely, an old dismantled merchantman, for the temporary use of which we had been under the necessity of concluding a blind and hasty bargain with a vagabond Italian hailing us from the Mole. The good people of the Health Office were abundantly civil to us on our first arrival, but having obtained all the news and newspapers we had brought with us, their attentions became less oppressive. With respect to our quarantine accommodations, they observed, that having amongst us a gentle-

man intimately connected with Gibraltar, their interference would be superfluous. The gentleman in question, however, an American, saw no necessity for saddling himself with the responsibility of providing for others, and very truly remarked, that the employées of the British Government were too extravagantly paid to be really useful.

An aged individual, whose nodding plumes and Agamemnon-like severity of aspect bespoke "*the Governor*," came down to the Mole, accompanied by several officers, and surveyed us attentively before our removal; but seeing nothing palpably aristocratic in our visages, his condescension went no further. The symbol of infection was flying at our mast-head, and the health officers fastidiously receiving our documents with a pair of tongs and thrusting them into a bucket of vinegar, which was of course all very proper, but, as it happened, it was at the same time very unnecessary.

On the eve of our departure for the quarantine ground—an exposed situation on the north side of the bay—a young officer who was going to join his regiment at Corfu, called us together, and, in the name of the Board, pronounced a mock sentence upon us. He assumed the black cap; a cap as black, at least, as was necessary for the purpose,—and having graduated at Westminster, and probably figured often in the comedies of Terence or Plautus, he parodied the set phraseology of a judicial harangue, with an affectation of gravity and pathos, that would have done no discredit to the talents of a Liston, or to those even of the wigged functionaries of the Old Bailey themselves.

The hulk engaged for our reception had her bare masts standing, and being destitute of ballast, she rolled to a degree that promised us little peace during our detention, yet more by far than we actually experienced; for, we had not been long on board before we were assailed with a wind that threatened our immediate destruction. It was a Levanter of the most furious description. Most of the numerous vessels that were anchored near us, parted from their cables and were either driven out to sea, or upon the rocks of Algesiras on the opposite side of the bay. For three days the wind continued to increase in violence, and it was with infinite peril that the ten or twelve men who manned the health-boat—a heavy launch—could enable the medical officer to perform his daily rounds of inspection. In one instance, indeed, they found it impossible to reach us, and, on the morning of our release, a party of them lost their lives in the execution of this very hazardous duty. Our own situation was critical in the extreme, for the vessel now rolled from beam-end to beam-



end, and we expected every moment to snap our cable and upset. A friend on shore offered the boatmen a liberal reward to bring us out a chain; the gale moderated in some degree soon after, and it was with difficulty done; but, hearing of our situation, the Lieutenant-Governor ordered our discharge two days before the expiration of the term prescribed by the regulations of the Board, and ere we had time to feel the comfort of our acquisition. In less than an hour after we entered the garrison, however, the weather became as serene and beautiful as usual, so that, in the evening, we were enabled to visit the Alameda, and to sit down amidst the geraniums and the aloes of that delightful walk; but it was some days before our addled wits were capable of the least exertion.

It will be allowed, then, that a quarantine is not so delectable a thing as to warrant its being regarded with indifference. In the Spanish ports it has now been so long in operation, that even the irruption of the cholera at Triana (the St. Giles of Seville) and other parts of the kingdom, is scarcely sufficient to afford a hope of the restrictions it imposes being suspended.

Boating, again, as a pastime, on these chopping and treacherous waters, is a thing most cautiously to be eschewed.

A party of us, consisting principally of the junior officers of the steam-vessel, ventured out into the bay of Gibraltar on our first arrival there, in the gig, and were so nearly swamped, that we returned to the Mole trembling every inch of us and wet to the skin.

A traveller viewing the opposite shores from Tarifa, Algesiras, or any other Spanish port where a boat is to be had, between Cape Trafalgar and Gibraltar, betrayed by the fancied proximity of those shores, and the perpetual warmth and sunshine of the atmosphere, feels a temptation to cross over, which it is hard to resist. The distance appears as nothing, or next to nothing, whilst, in reality, it is not less than fifteen or twenty English miles.

Two friends of the writer, thus imposed upon, and induced by a wish to have it in their power to say that they had been in Africa, put off one bright morning in the middle of May from Tarifa, in an open boat, which, at the charge of half a doubloon, they hired of a poor fisherman there.

"The wind was at help," the water smooth and inviting at the outset, but scarcely had the first mile been accomplished, when they began to feel the current, and the sea came dashing at them with great impetuosity. The crew, consisting of a man and three boys, grew wild and disorderly, and, contrary to the usual habits of a

Spaniard, indulged in copious potations of *agua-ardiente*, a fiery kind of brandy. Every wave now broke over the boat, and the affrighted passengers gave all up for lost; but the breeze still pushed them on, and, after an anxious and arduous struggle of three hours, they at length reached the Bay of Tangiers, not a little marvelling at so unexpected a deliverance.

The chief object of the voyagers was of course answered. They touched the African soil; otherwise they found little to enjoy during a week's sojourn there, except the kind hospitality of our consul, an occasional excursion of a few miles into the interior on dromedaries, escorted by a couple of Moorish soldiers, and a sight of the ruined Alcazar; but, on their return to Spain in a small trader freighted with passengers—"not a Christian among them," to quote their own report, "save Leopold and self, and thirty head of cattle"—they were secured for four days' purification in the Bay of Gibraltar.

A captain of the Royal Navy had engaged his passage by a craft from Cadiz to Malaga, for which he agreed to pay ten dollars. She was to sail on the Sunday. We accompanied him on board to inspect the accommodations and (doubting the veracity of the master as to her probable time of departure) to ascertain how far she had proceeded with her lading. A comedian and his wife were to occupy one of the berths, the Englishman the other, for there were but two, and these came so close together that the passengers, as they lay, might, in the event of any misunderstanding, have taken each other by the nose; there was, however, just space enough for one who does not, as a *sine quâ non*, require to lay straight, to stow himself; and as our friend, a confirmed traveller, was one of those, no objection was made to the crib assigned him; but, with regard to the cargo, not a package was yet on board or alongside, so that detention appeared unavoidable. Our countryman was informed, nevertheless, that he must embark on the Saturday, "*sin falta*," as the vessel would positively put to sea on the following morning. Still incredulous, and unwilling to sacrifice an agreeable Sunday, he disregarded the injunction, and finding on the succeeding Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, that things were in *statu quo*, he took credit to himself for his foresight; but when, on the subsequent Thursday, the vessel slipped off without him, he raved like a bedlamite, proclaiming the Spaniard to be one of those scoundrels, so common to his country, who would gratify his pique at the expense of his life.

It was a fortnight before another opportunity offered, and, including these delays, more than a month was consumed in the performance

of a paltry excursion by water, which might have been easily effected by land in four or five days.

But enough has been said of the means of access, and it is now time to return to the city itself.

Invisible from the interior, Malaga is entered by a sudden and precipitous descent from the mountains, and, after a long, monotonous, and solitary journey, the traveller by land regards the novelty, so abruptly thrust upon his vision, with feelings of the most pleasurable kind.

It would be an insult to the man of fortune and education to tell him not to quit the Peninsula without calling at Malaga. The present importance of that place, to say nothing of its earlier celebrity, ensures it the attention of such a person, but to the man of business, who is not easily prevailed upon to step out of his way, and the artist, who finds himself enchanted by the great attractions of Seville or Granada, such a recommendation may not seem so superfluous. Of all the Spanish ports, however, there is not one, perhaps, that carries on a more active commerce, or that is more frequented by foreigners than Malaga.

The space encompassed by the walls of the city is a flat, forming so singular an exception to the general irregularity of the shore, that nature seems to have scooped it out for that express purpose to which it has been appropriated. The houses are closely compacted and the streets narrow, as at Seville,—a mode of building suggested by the exigencies of the climate.

But if the streets of Malaga are to be compared to those of Seville in point of construction, it would be doing that delightful city a great injustice not to admit, that, with respect to cleanliness, it is far inferior. Seaport towns are seldom so sweet and aromatic as the fastidious nostril could require, and, to be strictly impartial, it is necessary to go still farther and to allow even that, in this particular, Malaga does not form an exception to the rest. But it is a very animated place, especially in Autumn, when the fruits and wines collected there in such profusion, are ready for shipment, and the vessels of other nations are swarming at the quay to receive them. It appears, from the accounts recorded of it, to be one of the very oldest cities in Spain, having been founded eight centuries before the birth of Christ. Like Granada and other places in Andalusia, however, it is extremely rich in Moorish antiquities, and, to the true artist and man of taste and refinement, it would be difficult to point out a spot more worthy of investigation. The Mole is an object of very general admiration, and,

were it only completed, would be one of the finest things of its kind in the kingdom; but the periodical deficiencies of the national purse have put a stop to this, as they have done to many other equally useful undertakings; and *bene sperantes* may hope, under the auspices of a new reign, to see the whole of them resumed, and perhaps completed together.

Besides the magnificent walls with which it is surrounded, and the ramparts, we find Malaga further protected by two castles, built one above the other, so as to command it;—the first named *Gibalfarro* on the summit of the *sierra*, from whence may be seen the whole of the city and much of the sea beyond;—the other called *Alcazava*, above the town at the foot of the *sierra*; and such is the importance of the place, faced as it is by the shores of Africa, that an arsenal, well supplied with military stores and kept up at a vast expense, is made to contribute to its security also; and these several defences united, render it so impregnable, that when Ferdinand V. conquered the kingdom of Granada, he could reduce Malaga only by famine.

Some exceedingly handsome buildings are to be met with in various parts of the town, and, among others, the Cathedral Church, which is furnished and decorated in the most sumptuous manner throughout.

Catarna, two leagues to the westward, an ancient and pretty place, seated at the foot of a lofty mountain,—

Munda, a small town, somewhat further to the westward, and five leagues from Malaga, celebrated for the sanguinary battle fought in its immediate vicinity between Julius Cæsar and the younger Pompeys, and still rejoicing in the name it bore on the day of that memorable contest,—

Setenil, at the distance of a stage beyond, another little place whose site and structure are equally uncommon, for it stands on the summit of a rocky mountain, and is formed principally by excavation,—

Velez-Malaga, five leagues east of Malaga, rather inclining to the north, a town much noted for raisins prepared with a decoction of the ashes of vine twigs, or by exposure to the sun, and collected in vast abundance among the neighbouring hills, from whence (the environs of Velez-Malaga being altogether mountainous, and at certain points so high as to discover not only the strait of Gibraltar, but all the coast of Barbary also, and the towns of Tangiers and Ceuta) on the side of the sea, and far away in the interior, the spectator can distinguish nothing but mountains of extraordinary height and steepness interspersed with the most delightful valleys, from which may be

more particularly seen a certain district, called after the Moor Alpuxar who commanded it,—

Las Alpuxarras, a district measuring seventeen leagues by eleven, and extending the length of the coasts between the towns of Velez and Almeria. It is inhabited exclusively by Moors, the melancholy survivors of a scattered population and a ruined empire, who, having embraced the christian religion, of which they of necessity make profession, retain nevertheless their original mode of living and dressing, as well as their ancient idiom, though much corrupted. These Alpuxarras are divided into eleven districts, which their inhabitants call *Taas*, and the Spaniards *Cabeças de partido*, (points of division), the principal being *Taa del Orgiva*, an estate of the Marquis de Valençuelas and *Taa de Pitros*, where the fruit trees grow to a prodigious height and size. These mountains are numerously peopled and full of villages, the residences of the Moorish outcasts, who, as they have succeeded to the natural labours of their ancestors, apply themselves to the cultivation and planting of their valleys with vinea and other fruit trees, so that the district is rendered exceedingly agreeable,—

Antequera, a considerable Moorish place, about half way to Granada, seated partly on an eminence, partly on a flat, and distinguished for its well-built handsome streets and a variety of local advantages ;—

These several places, and others equally abounding in the gifts of Pomona, annually pour their accumulated sweets into Malaga for export to England, Holland, America and other commercial countries.

The costume of the Malaga people differs little or nothing from that of their neighbours in the west of Andalusia. The scarlet sash of the men, and the black mantilla of the women, are every where conspicuous in that city ; but if the apparel be the same, the persons of the wearers, it is to be observed, are generally more diminutive, and, in the female, the difference is so obvious that the most heedless of travellers can scarcely fail to perceive it. The Gaditanas enjoy the reputation of being the finest girls in Spain, and it must, in justice, be conceded, that their beauty is certainly of a very high quality ; but the admirers of little figures of course postpone them to the Malagians. The dress of a Spanish lady would not, at all seasons, be found convenient in the more humid and changeable climates of the north ; but, in England, the effect of it has perhaps never been fairly tried. At a masquerade or a fancy ball, the character of a Spanish belle is always marred, as such characters probably always will be,

by a want of keeping. The lady who selects herself as the personator of a Spanish beauty, should be of a dark, but pearly and transparent complexion; her eyes should be large and full, and of the most brilliant water; her head, waist, hands and feet, particularly the last,—small, and it is indispensable that her legs should graduate by a just and symmetrical increase from the ankle upwards, rather than by that of a contrary tendency, as English legs sometimes will, so as to establish the *maximum* of the calf as near as possible to the foot. It may be said that a model of fine proportions needs not the patronage of dress; possibly not, but tattooing, it is to be remembered, has fallen into desuetude, and the manufactured integument is now imposed in its stead. As little does it need, then, to be disfigured by a bad selection of that integument, as aided by a good one.

The *mantilla*, (pronounced mantillia) or little cloak, is made of rich black lace, and is carried from the forehead backward nearly to the hip, with an inlet, however, of about a quarter of a yard of plain silk, from the loose hair of the neck to the back of the frock; but, to give the *mantilla* the grace so peculiar to it, it is necessary that it should be passed over a very lofty square-topped comb. The Spaniards understand the manufacture of tortoise-shell better than any other nation: they, however, make the comb of the present fashion, as plain as possible, but raised without any open work whatever, at least six inches above the teeth, and, the hair of the ladies being generally very black, the colour of the shell most esteemed, is the lightest, for the sake, it is presumed, of the more agreeable contrast. The walking dress is commonly of plain black sarsnet well girded in at the waist, and sufficiently short to display the form of the leg which is tightly hosed in white, brown, or slate coloured silk, (but never in black) and either plain or richly clocked. The shoe is exceedingly trim, and so very attentive is a Spanish lady to her foot, that those who can any way afford it, will always appear on the Alameda, and at other public places, in an entirely new pair. Hats, bonnets, and caps they never wear at all, unless when travelling, and what they use on those occasions are altogether French. At a concert they make a very brilliant appearance, and the gallants, with very few exceptions, are left to gaze at them from the doors. They seem fond of trinkets, or a rose-bud in their hair, and always carry a fan. Their evening dress is usually white.

In a land so famed for its *boleros*, *cachuchas*, and *fandangos*, with the pretty accompaniments of castanets and guitars, it has been thought impossible that any thing like feminine simplicity should exist: this,



however, is erroneous, for at a Spanish assembly, more especially one of the second class, ladies are to be found as inexperienced in music, dancing and other accomplishments, as in England, and this is no where the case more than at Malaga.

The decorum that prevails at the public balls, even where nothing is demanded for admission, has been a subject of remark among the English visitors, who, in spite of inveterate prejudices, cannot but admit that they might in vain look for any thing so creditable at home.

The Spaniards, although no longer regulated by the seventeen books of Ceremonies supposed to have formed so serious a portion of the scholastic exercises of young cavaliers in the days of Roderick the Goth,—that work having passed into oblivion during the interval of Moorish ascendancy,—are still an exceedingly punctilious people, particularly that portion of them whose notions of propriety have not been perverted by the influence of foreign example. But a few years ago, nothing could have induced a Spanish woman to step out of doors, till after dusk, in any but the national costume, nor would one family on any account continue its ordinary intercourse with another, until a certain communication, consequent upon any domestic change affecting the latter, had been made to the former, for it was the *etiquette*, that the parties immediately affected by such change, should send cards, or rather printed billets, relative thereto, round to every member of its acquaintance. The composition of the circular, although perfectly arbitrary, was the subject of much premeditation, and therefore liable to critical analysis at the ensuing *tertulia* or evening assembly. "*Parte de casa nueva*"—"de *casamiento*" and the like, were the appellatives given to such issues (notice of new house,—of marriage &c.). Some of them are still in force, but others are exploded, for in towns which have been contaminated by the occupation of foreign invaders, although a lady's appearance at the evening *paseo* (promenade) dressed *en cuerpo*, as the French or English style is designated, and which some few, from its superior cheapness and convenience, have been induced to substitute for the *saya* and *mantilla*, is no longer absolutely forbidden, no family will visit another, until certain announcements, such, for instance, as a change of residence, or a marriage, affecting the former, shall have been made with the formality of other times. Even at the present period, an unmarried woman would as soon think of dispensing with holy water on leaving church, as to accept a gentleman's arm till after sun-set, and then it is to be observed, a lady is sure to be at home. She nevertheless claims the privilege of gadding wherever she thinks proper, but as little would

any lady dream of appearing in the streets without her *duenna*, unless indeed, she might happen to form one of a string, in which case *mama* or *tia* is often excused. The art of walking forms an essential part of a Spanish woman's education, and of course her action is always elegant and unembarrassed. To her, a poor girl encumbered with a clumsy foot and ankle, appears wholly disqualified for the *paseo*, and one disfigured with "introverted toes," as a phenomenon to marvel at all her life time. Of the latter, there was an individual example occasionally to be met with on the Alameda at Cadiz. It was rather a striking example too, and, had the deformity been indigenous, it were hard to say what might have been the consequence,—expulsion possibly,—but a sense of candour forbids the suppression of the fact, that although attired in the costume of the country, it was well known the fair exhibitor was foreign; yes, gentle reader, it was pretty notorious, for the murder will out—that the pigeon-toed damsel was "one of us."

The Spanish gentlemen seem, however, to have no great antipathy to English faces, for a young person, who was really pretty, having come out a short time since to accompany a lady back to this country, a host of them fell in love with her, and, among the number, some of the most respectable young men in Spain, who made her repeated offers of marriage. The departure of the ship that bore her homewards, proved a terrible blow to them. Even after she had weighed anchor, they put off in boats, in order to see the very last of the admired passenger, and, after following her some distance out to sea, they returned in tears.

### THE PAINTER'S EYE.

It was not, like that of the poet, "in a fine frenzy rolling," but fixed, intensely fixed, so as to absorb the whole man; and it was not till after some time that the workings of the mind found utterance in the following:—

"What a subject!—how brilliant those lights, how harmonious those tones—observe those reflections—above, below—with that deeply cold contrast which gives value to the glowing and local colour of the principal object. Then the accessories by which it is surrounded, simple in their forms and mean in their ordinary use, they still aid the character

of the composition—Ah! could that be painted as it now appears it would be a miracle of art."

The rhapsody at length came to an end, and a hearty laugh at the painter's vision and his exalted eulogium succeeded, when the object of it was found to be no other than a copper coal scuttle, and its accessories the hearth broom, carpet, and skirting board near which it was placed.

This, then, I silently apostrophized, is the painter's eye, and what has occurred on the occasion shews some of the advantages which the artist possesses above most men: hardly an object comes within the range of his vision, but what is connected with his art, which is going on at all times, and in all places; his pallet is in his mind's eye, and he is arranging his colours and mixing his tints agreeable to the object that may chance to come under his view.

It was not the first time I had witnessed my friend Pencilem's out-breaking on the subject of his pencil, though it was not on all, nor indeed many, occasions, that he would indulge in the unrestrained effusions of his mind. It was rather with him a matter of feeling silently enjoyed, than of loquacious technicalities poured out at the expence of propriety or obtruded out of time or place, or in company that could neither partake of nor understand his emotions.

The studio of Pencilem, was an epitome of his mind; it abounded in a profusion of materials in, and on which a painter may be said to live, move, and have his being:

Above, below, and all around—  
Some pictured fragment might be found  
To charm the sight or fire the brain  
With fancy's rich ecstatic train.

Objects of taste and virtue, in casts, prints, and gems selected principally for their beauty, or the elevated qualities they appeared to possess.

Rich in such examples, and full of love and enthusiasm for his art, the days of C ——— passed on in uninterrupted delight. Within, he could not lift his eye, but the beauties of a bust or a statue met his view, while without, nature supplied an ample store. In the country his walks were a delirium of pleasure, and it was then that the elevation of his thoughts might be said to amount to devotion, certainly to thankfulness and gratitude to that Great First Cause, which "made a world so fair" and in the language of the poet of the Seasons he would say:

"I edoe not, fortune, what you me deny,  
 You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;  
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
 Thro' which Aurora shows her brightening face;  
 Nor can you bar my constant feet to trace  
 The woods, the lawns, the living streams at eve.  
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
 And I their toys to the great children leave:  
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave."

In the pursuit and practice of his art, the world with all its cares, anxieties, ambitious struggles, or its crimes, scarce exerted more than a transient thought. A sigh however might escape him to think, that

God had made a world so fair,  
 Yet man should fill it full of care.

But the world of art was ever before him, and the where to choose, would sometimes puzzle, but never annoy him.

It must not be altogether concluded that the emotions and feeling so vividly expressed by the artist are exclusively his own. The mind's eye in all, may, in different degrees, be made instrumental to the enjoyment both of animate and inanimate things; and may lead the thoughts to contemplate every object in connection with its character and qualities.

It was now that a spark was struck out from the painter's rhapsody on the coal scuttle, which lit up a train of thoughts and led on my reflecting course, till, like the lines of John Bunyan, the subject spread and grew under my view, embracing the whole scope of domestic enjoyments, the fire-side, the hearth, the mantel and its ornaments.

The coal scuttle had become a mine of mental associations. If hitherto I had only contemplated the glowing warmth of the flickering flame, as it regarded my convenience and comfort, I now began to reflect upon the source from whence such advantages arose, nor could I avoid considering, that, to procure these comforts and advantages, many of my fellow creatures were debarred the light of Heaven, and that the free air which brought health and comfort to others, was denied in all its essential purity to them.

Civilization, it must be confessed, is very uncivil to many of God's creatures, both human and animal, subjecting them to toil and danger in all their shapes; but in few cases does it appear to be more dread-

ful than in that of the miner. Even the galley-slave and the convict see the face of the sky, and, in some instances, get a view of the land, with its varied beauties, and may derive some portion of enjoyment from such sources, but to bargain with a free agent to sell so precious a part of his birth-right, can scarcely be thought of with indifference, except by those who are taught to imagine that all and every thing has its price.

We may forego the use of sugar in order to discourage the slave trade, but it is not within the reach of philanthropy to forego the use of coals, that thousands may not be buried alive, or vegetate in the dark bowels of the earth, till this earth receives their clay, and while living be numbered with the dead.

With these sort of reflections I went on till I was almost afraid to stir my fire, lest I should stir up still more gloomy thoughts, for I had yet in my view, the fatal effects of foul air, explosions, inundations and the other evils to which miners are exposed. I am no hand at legislation, but, according to my Utopian ideas, imagine it would be better to have criminals and convicts put to labour in the mines both of coal and metal, and, instead of hanging them, turn their vices to some account.

With the painter's eye for my guide and a portion of his feeling, I began to survey the localities of my apartment, but above all the fire place and its accessories, and first of all the mantel, the almost inviolable depository of whatsoever things are considered rare in themselves, curious in their nature, or valuable as relics in family associations. The theme of the mantel was not without its interest, not as regarded my own, or the materials with which it was furnished, but as extending the subject to other and more general display of its decorations, according to the humour or taste of the fireside occupant.

Before entering on any detail therefore of the shells, spar and other subjects which my humble mantel contained, it may be well to consider the architecture and the taste displayed in the formation of this attractive, and, as it may be called, central point of an apartment, as seen in the houses of the nobles and the opulent of times past.

In considering the subject, a poet would call upon *lares*, or household gods, to inspire him with a fitting grandeur, and reach of thought commensurate with the dignity and magnificence of the theme. As it is, the writer in prose can only task his recollection, and call up the images of what he has seen, of these splendid portions of interiors, either in their real or represented form.

Examples of this kind of chimney-piece decorations may be still

found in mansions of the last and preceding century, as well as in many respectable houses of that period.

Representations of them may also be seen in the works of Hayman and Hogarth, in the second plate of *Marriage à-la-mode*. The character of mantel architecture is there introduced, and, with the exception of the Chinese joss and other ludicrous figures with which it is decorated, is a fair specimen of its kind.

Le Potre, an artist of that period, among other ornamental and decorative designs gave a series of them to the mantel, in which, fruit, flowers, and scroll work were tastefully introduced, which gave employment to sculptors, carvers and gilders, as well as to artists, for in most instances a portrait or landscape was imbedded in the centre. It was not then the fashion to place that dangerous appendage, a mirror, on the mantel; the approach to which, from its proximity to the fire, has proved fatal to many a female who has come to consult its clear and polished surface.

The modern style of chimney pieces still retains a portion of the decorative. The centre is generally a French clock, on which every incongruous device has been lavished, without any regard to time or time piece; these, with some supplementary articles, as glass lustres, alabaster figures, &c., are the ornamental decorations, and considered suitable to the fire place of fashionable and genteel apartments,—all, however, tending to shew that the mantel is a place set apart, and distinguished in a peculiar way by something on which the eye can rest with pleasure, or view with complacency.

In some houses, and, indeed, in most where good taste and good feeling prevail, the ancestral portrait, or some choice work of art still holds a place on this select spot. If, as Pope says, "a man not only shews his taste, but his morals by the pictures that hang on his walls," it should be made most especially to appear in this particular instance. When not occupied by some family or characteristic portrait, the space should be filled up by some cheerful scene or subject; the sun-shine of Cuyp, the classic of Claude; or the grandeur and epic of Poussin; and when the best works of these masters are not to be had, our British School of Art can well supply their place.

The artist, the antiquary, the geologist and other scientific professors, will, for the most part, furnish their mantels with subjects, and specimens of articles, connected with their several studies and pursuits, all affording matter for observation and remark, and all tending more or less to public utility. Even the cottage or the country ale-house offer something to the eye of the traveller or the visitor, which may excite



interest; where, as Goldsmith describes in his "*Deserted Village*" the mantel of his little public,

"While broken tea cups, wisely kept for show,  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row."

In the neighbourhood of our sea-port towns, there are few dwellings but can shew specimens on their mantels of curiosities belonging to foreign lands. The shell, the feather, the sea weed, or other articles from distant shores, serve to keep alive the memory of him who is far away. Or, when at length the toil-worn mariner, and no less toil-worn traveller take to their chimney nook, the produce on their mantel will serve to revive the memory of many an adventure, escape, or peril, connected with its history and acquisition.

Such are the regards paid to the social hearth, whether among high or low, rich or poor, this type of home gathers and concentrates whatever is curious or valuable in itself, or made so by associations. No less, does the social hearth draw together kindred minds, and, as the sweet poet of the Seasons sings—

"Where, supporting and supported, polished friends  
And dear relations mingle into bliss."

It is thus that the *painter's eye* brings us acquainted not only with the form of visible objects, but it also imparts to them an interest unthought of by the many, stirring the imagination to embellish and the mind to reflect on their properties and bearings; and though every intelligent person may be able to view and comment on objects in a similar way, yet a knowledge of the principles of painting, and the power of contemplating them with reference to the light, shade, and colour under which they appear, will much facilitate what is called an *improved* perception, the advantage of which is justly pointed out in the following:

"How excellent a thing it is, I thought, to imbibe, at an early age, a love for the wild and beautiful things of nature! Parents know not what a treasure they are conferring on a child, when they watch and cherish the progress of this feeling; age cannot destroy it—exile cannot break it—poverty or misfortune cannot take it away. Had I one, or five, or ten children and lived in the country, I would lead them forth to the wild vale, to the sea-beat shore, to the wooded hill, and

teach them to love them, and tell them tales to fix them in their memory; and weep for sorrow if I saw them turn heartlessly away, at the thought that a source of inexpressible pleasure was for ever taken from them.\*

### THE BEAUTY OF LINES

*Considered in their curved and involuted character.*

THE pleasures of sight, like those of the imagination, belong to the intellectual qualities of our nature, nor are they, as some suppose, confined exclusively to the painter or the poet; every cultivated mind, every well educated individual may be made sensible of them, as seen and connected with the beauty of forms in the works of creation. Of these, few afford more varied or striking examples than plants and flowers. A judicious writer on the study of natural history well observes.

"No portion of creation has been resorted to by mankind with more success for the ornament and decoration of their labours than the vegetable world. The rites, emblems, and mysteries of religion; national achievements, eccentric masks, and the capricious visions of fancy, have all been wrought by the sculptor, on the temples, the altars, or the tomb; but plants, their foliage, flowers, or fruits, as the most graceful, varied and pleasing objects that meet our view, have been more universally adopted as objects of design; and have supplied the most beautiful and, perhaps, the earliest embellishments of art."

Hogarth in his *Analysis of Beauty* endeavours to fix the precise point in which the line of beauty is to be found, and has produced a number of examples drawn from a variety of objects, many of them derived from plants and flowers, shewing their approach or deviation from the true and perfect standard. Of its general character all are agreed as that of flowing and undulating curvature; though of its application to works of art, the painter is principally concerned, and true taste can alone direct the choice or select the objects to which it should be applied.

It is well known that precept and practice do not always go together; Hogarth had doubtless the skill and discernment to point out  
 \* By the author of *Letters from the East*.

where the lines of beauty might be found, but neither his genius nor his talents appear to have led to those results which might have been expected from his knowledge of the subject, and in his works where beauty of form or features appear, it seems more to depend on casualty, or the excellence of his model, than any preconceived idea of abstract beauty, yet, like many other gifted men, Hogarth was led to imagine his powers competent to what nature never designed them.

"Though listening senators hung on all he spoke,

"The club must hail him master of the joke;"

To a certain extent these lines apply to the conduct of the painter, who, in an evil hour, entered the arena of politics as well as art, and in both instances came off maimed and mutilated, and the fair reputation of his great and extraordinary powers was in some measure obscured in the view of contemporary opinions. In the walk of Art, his Sigismundi proved his disqualifications for the beautiful and the imaginative, and his attempts to signalize himself in party politics, was visited so severely by the pens and powers of his opponents, as not only marked his failure in the sort of warfare in which he had so injudiciously engaged, but was fatal to his future peace, if it did not actually occasion his death.

A satirical vein or a sense of the ludicrous may occupy a transient feeling in the mind of the artist, whose taste and genius have led him to the pursuit of the more elevated departments of Art, but it will not be very productive of examples either of humour or caricature, which he will soon feel to be incompatible with his views of the beautiful or the sublime. It is in subjects of this class that the poetry of the art is best seen, and it is from the contemplation of what is beautiful and grand in the works of creation, that the mind is stored with materials on which to work.

To the painter as well as to the poet, the following from Johnson's *Rasselas* will apply.

"Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw every thing with a new purpose, my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified, no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked, I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and every flower of the field.

"To a poet nothing can be void of interest, whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination; he must be acquainted with whatever is awfully vast, or elegantly little," and it is in a great measure from plants and flowers that examples of the latter

will be found. Nor should it be less the object of the botanist to observe and point out the beauty of lines in plants and flowers, than to mark their colours and classification. In this view it will be another sense of their character and an additional gratification in so amiable and useful a pursuit.

How far man, with leisure and intelligence can be said to fulfil his destination when he overlooks the beauty of forms as they court his regard in such objects, may be a question worthy of enquiry, though not likely to be determined by the frequenters of the Stock or the Royal Exchange, but we must take men as we find them, observing by the way, that there are many things not dreamt of in the philosophy of those whose sole pursuit is the accumulation of wealth, or the attainment of power.

For the use of those who are inclined to look farther into the storehouse of nature than they have hitherto done, but most especially to the attention of the tyro in art, it will be necessary to point out and particularize such objects as are, or may be made, subservient to the purposes of art, from the way in which they develop the beauty of lines, not only in the vegetable but the animal kingdom.

Of inanimate objects, that, singly or combined, present examples of the beautiful in involuted forms, none are more fruitful than the vegetable world has already been observed, and that plants and flowers never fail to produce forms of grace and elegance. It is from these productions of nature that the ornamental and the decorative in furniture and buildings, are almost exclusively derived; nor is it to the garden flower or green house plant, that these forms of grace and beauty are confined; the weeds of the field that spread over the soil, as well as those that cling to, or rise among the hedge rows that grow by the road side, are replete with shapes of simple elegance.

A classic eye will readily discover the use which has been made both of plant and flower. From them the artists of ancient as well as modern times have made their selections; applying their various forms as genius or a tasteful imagination suggested. Some of the most obvious applications of them, either to ornamental or useful purposes, may be seen in their vases and cups. The capital of the Corinthian pillar together with numerous ornamental borders within and without doors, will be recognised as derived from the convolvulus, the acanthus, the woodbine, the acorn, the head of the field poppy, the lotus, the lily, &c.\*

\* A room in the British Museum is appropriated to these foliated ornaments, which will bring their forms and the applications of them at once into view.

The Greek artists were so imbued with the feelings which the contemplation of these beautiful forms in nature inspired in their minds, that they made them the models of beauty and the objects of their imitation. The principles upon which nature appeared to act were never lost sight of. That flow of line which pervaded these pleasurable forms, was by them preserved in all their representations of grace and beauty.

But it was on the human form and features that all the powers of their genius and all the efforts of their skill were displayed. So much did the ancient sculptors regard the beautiful contour of line, brought into view by the human frame, whether in action or at rest, that when their subjects required the covering of drapery, the greatest care was taken that no interruption of its folds should conceal the beauty and elegance of the form beneath. So numerous are the examples in the statues, bas-reliefs, gems and coins of ancient art, wherein the beauty of lines is observed, that it is difficult to select among these varieties of excellence, any one, of which it may be said, this is the most perfect.

In the features of the face, the hair of the head or beard, the same taste will be found to vary and form the lines by which they are expressed in their most agreeable contour. This may be seen in the busts of their deities, philosophers, heroes, poets, and legislators. But then it was the ideal of beauty alone that gave scope to the talents of the ancient sculptors; passion, or even emotion, in these ideal characters were never permitted to distort the countenance, so as to produce an expression bordering on deformity.

It is contended by some that the softer emotions of the soul are shewn more in the mouth than in the eyes; though, in most instances they will be found to act conjointly, there is certainly a sentiment of sweetness in the former, and a beauty of line, when gently closed, which no other feature of the countenance can boast: be this as it may, so well aware were the Greek artists of its powers in expression, that in joy, grief, or anger, they seldom allowed of more than a moderate separation of the lips. It must be admitted, that laughter or grief, violently indulged, destroys the character of the features as far as beauty is concerned. Such exaggerations disfigure the human countenance in a similar way as the plunging of a stone into a smooth and placid stream ruffles its surface.

The judicious and tasteful artist will not fail to observe the elegant and swan-like turn of the throat, in the bust of a beautiful and well proportioned female. The portraits by the late Sir Thomas

Lawrence, are, in most instances, examples of the character of this graceful and flowing line. The studio of this artist was well supplied with casts from plants, flowers, and other foliated ornaments. It must be matter of surprise that any artist of taste and discernment should be found to overlook, or neglect these graceful objects in the practice of his art; yet, we are told, that the late Joseph Nollekins, a sculptor of great eminence in his profession, did not appear to feel or understand any of the beauty of plants and flowers, while Flaxman, the most distinguished sculptor of his day, for the taste and purity of his works, was never more delighted than in contemplating and accumulating such examples, nor has any artist been more successful in their applications.

The same view has been taken of the vegetable kingdom by the indefatigable, tasteful, and now venerable Stothard; whose versatile powers and imaginative mind took in the whole range of animate and inanimate objects. His creative fancy drew largely from this source; a beautiful example out of many will be found in his painting, (from which there is a print) of Christ blessing the elements of bread and wine. The subject is surrounded by a border composed of grapes, vine leaves, and ears of corn. This border is designed with a grandeur and skill, that would have done credit to the pencil of Michael Angelo.

Many of the old masters used to encircle their religious subjects with borders of fruit and flowers, but then it was chiefly to characterize the persons represented, or by their colours to give effect to the performance. The works of Rubens, both as regards their composition and colours, have been compared to garlands or groups of flowers, while the contour of his figures no less partakes of their involution line. There is a massive grandeur in all that belongs to this artist, in his furniture and the embellishments of his apartments;—the accessories introduced in his paintings have the air of nobility, if the expression may be allowed, heavy they may be, but their forms are associated with times and characters well suited to the romance of history.

Something of this grandeur in building and furniture may still be seen in the mansions and dwellings of the noble and the wealthy as they appeared in the last century; their character, both exterior and interior, partake of the same scroll-work and foliated forms which distinguished the embellished architectural ornaments of what may, perhaps, be termed the middle ages in this style of art. In many of these mansions or dwellings, at the west end of our metropolis, may



be seen the door porch and its projecting roof, which not only affords shelter from the storm, but must have employed the artist and the architect, the modeller and carver in wood and stone. While the interior displays the like examples of taste and ornament in the mantel, the ceiling, and pannels, all, or most, derived from the structure and forms of fruit and flowers.

One of the most beautiful examples of carved work in this, or perhaps any country, may be seen in the altar-piece in St. James's church, Westminster. It is the work of Gibbon, and in design, relief, and boldness of execution, may be said to have reached the highest point of art.

The furniture in these buildings was in keeping with these massive and foliated decorations; on these remains the antiquary looks with delight, and the artist with advantage, who has frequent recourse to them as accessories to his pictures; indeed, many a performance derives its interest from the introduction of old fashioned and obsolete decorated furniture. In the pages of the novelist they figure in description, and aid in giving interest and locality to the nature and character of the personages connected with his times and story.

It would be almost endless to multiply examples in which the beauty of lines, drawn from the vegetable kingdom, appears, and in which the flowing and curved line is a marked and distinguishing feature.

To the engraver the study and arrangement of these lines is most important; for, on his skill in their formation, and the application of them, much of the excellence of his work depends. The same may be said in regard to our ornamental articles of furniture, whether for the mantel, the toilet, the table, &c.

The animal as well as the vegetable world, affords, though not in an equal degree, examples to the same effect. The gallant charger, whose neck, in the language of Scripture, is said to be "clothed in thunder," is no less an object of beauty, from the graceful curve which it presents under the bridled restraint of the armed rider. The majestic head of the lion, his flowing mane and powerful paw, have furnished the sculptors of antiquity in their altars, tripods, &c., with forms both of grace and grandeur. The springing action of the stag, the antelope, and the gazelle, in their forms of grace and motion possess qualities of shape no less applicable to works of art. Indeed, there are few of the animal tribe but what have furnished hints for the decorative and the ornamental.

Among the feathered race, the eagle, the peacock and the swan, in

their several forms and actions, are replete with lines of grace, grandeur, and beauty. The eagle among birds, as the lion among beasts, is the type and symbol of strength and power. Its head and beak, seen in profile, denote a character no other of the feathered tribe can approach.

This bird is best seen when the head is lowered, as if bent to take its food or seize its prey; with the wings expanded and the head turned in a contrary direction from its body, it presents one of the most elegant forms that can be imagined, and is often seen, in this position, as a decorative part of ornamented furniture.

The peacock both in form and plumage is a splendid accessory to the garden, and, when seen perched on the balustrade entrance to some noble mansion, has a sweep of line from the head to the extremity of the tail which nothing can exceed for grace and beauty. The swan is an object no less graceful and majestic, and in its proper element, the glassy surface of the still lake, exhibits not only a powerful contrast in colour, but forms, with its head thrown back and the wings a little elevated or set up, a combination of lines in perfect accordance with those which come under the order of beauty.

The trees of the forest while they possess every variety in contrast and colour that can charm or captivate the eye, can hardly be said to come under the character of the flowing or involuted, they belong rather to what painters call the picturesque; in masses, they are grand, and singly beautiful. An easy and graceful flow however, sometimes appear in the willow, the laburnum, and the young beech.

The undulating waves of the ocean when not much agitated, and the swelling and rounded shape of the clouds in an unruffled state are also among the lines that are distinguished by the graceful flow of contour.

In minerals and fossils, with the exception of the spiral and involuted form of shells, little, if any, but abrupt and straight lines are seen, they are for the most part crystallized straight lines and facettted surfaces. The sky has its rays of light, and the storm sends forth its darts of lightning. With these exceptions, the course of nature seems both in form and motion to favour the flowing and undulating line, and as it is said she abhors a vacuum, so it should appear that she has no great predilection to straight lines. In conclusion, flame, smoke and steam, the orbs in their courses, the earth we inhabit, with the concave of the heavens, seem all to favour this hypothesis.

It is not intended by these remarks on the beauty of the curve, to exclude either the beauty or utility of the three essential lines, the

perpendicular, the horizontal, and the oblique, neither art nor science could do without them; they belong to the most important concerns of life, embracing as they do mathematics, astronomy, navigation, architecture, &c.; but as it is also somewhere said, "that God made the country and man made the town," so it should appear of the above mentioned lines, that they are more to be found in the works and inventions of man, than in the forms of those materials, which belong exclusively to the production of nature.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ANTONIO DE'ALLEGRI, SURNAMED CORREGIO.

ANTONIO DE'ALLEGRI, or CORREGIO, as he is more frequently called after the name of his native place, was born in 1493 or 1494. The exact date of his birth is unknown; and many circumstances connected with his life, and of importance to the arts, have been but imperfectly handed to posterity. The monumental inscription, however, placed in the church of Franciscans to his memory, has pretty accurately fixed the year of his birth at 1494; but Clementi states that he died of a malignant fever in 1534 at the age of forty years and seven months: which would shew September or October, 1493 as the most exact time when this genius of the arts first beheld the light. It is somewhat gratifying to find, that this opinion is corroborated by his engagements at clearly ascertained periods: as for instance, his agreement with the convent of St. Francesco at Corregio, being dated 30th August, 1514, when he was in his minority, was made "*cum consensu patris*" whereas in his agreement with the fabric masters of the Cathedral of Parma, dated 3rd March, 1522, there is no allusion to the consent of his father; which circumstance proves that he had then attained twenty-five years, that being the period of majority in Italy. In Pungileoni reference is made to two letters, still extant in his native town, which appear to limit his birth to a period between February the 1st, and October 14th, 1494. Our readers will judge upon these suppositions, and decide for themselves: but at least the probability of error is limited to a few months.

Little is known concerning his ancestors, except that the family resided at Corregio—that *Giacomo* was the father of Antonio, who was living there at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and that *Pellegrino*, the eldest son of the latter, was his father. Those of our readers who may be curious to wade through a more extensive field

of conjecture, in which they may find some scattered fruits, intermixed with weeds, concerning the early life of this extraordinary man,—may be gratified by perusing the notices of him by the Cavalier Mengi, the small work by Cavalier Ratti, published in Finale in 1781, and the volumes of Padre Affò and Tiraboschi. But, as little accurate information can be obtained as to the circumstances of his family, we would advise a strict investigation of the progress of art, rather than such a discussion: in which case much valuable information will be obtained.

Vasari has been accused of having falsely asserted that Corregio sprang from a poor family; and the writers, whom we have previously named, have been strenuous to prove that he descended from a good family, in an illustrious city; and was possessed of the advantages of fortune to enable him to receive an education qualified to promote his success in the arts. It is not our purpose to enter upon any contest on such a subject. We may, however, remark, that if he did possess these advantages, he profited by them; but that if he was destitute of fortune, and dependent on his own exertions for improvement, the greater was his merit.

It is stated that he acquired the first rudiments of knowledge from a native of Placatia, named Giovanni Berni, and that Buttata Marastoni, a Modenese, instructed him in rhetoric and polite literature.

Corregio appears to have imbibed a taste for painting at a very early period of his life; though it is unknown under what master. It is traditionally reported in his native town, that Lorenzo, his uncle, instructed him in the rudiments of design. But his own originality of genius, the vividness of his conception, and his refined taste, principally contributed to his early fame. For it does not appear that he could then have had much opportunity of studying the classical remains of Grecian and Roman art, or that he could have been familiarized with the schools of his own country. The obscurity which pervades the early life of Corregio is a subject of painful regret in this particular; and we cannot but sympathise with all lovers of the arts, in the disappointment which they feel in tracing the source of his peculiar style. Bellini was the master of Titian, and Perugino instructed Raffaello:—but who first lighted the lamp of genius in Corregio, and nourished the flame to shine through future ages? It does not appear that his uncle Lorenzo was even sufficiently eminent to rescue his own name from oblivion; and it is not probable that Corregio could have derived more than the rude outline of art from him: for Rinaldo Corri the commentator in the *Rime* of Vittoria Colonna,

printed at Bologna in 1543, speaks thus contemptuously of him :—  
“ Like one of our painters at Corregio, named master Lorenzo, who, wishing to delineate a lion, drew a goat, and affixed to it the title of a lion.” It would seem then that nature seems to have dictated to Antonio Corregio the true path to greatness : for it does not seem to be established that he had seen the pictures of Raffaello, Michelangioli, or studied the grand style of painting from the works of any master. Impelled by a desire to excel in the arts, he struck out into a style peculiar to himself, and at a youthful period, when other painters were acquiring the mere elements of art, he had already attained to considerable eminence.

The exclamation, imputed to him, on seeing a picture of Raffaello,—  
“ Well ! I am also a painter,” though it might adorn his biography, must be rejected ; as the evidence on which it is founded has been ably controverted. That unconquerable emulation which inspires great minds seems to have stimulated him beyond any other motive : it was an ingredient of his soul, which no circumstances could subdue. According to the researches in Pungileoni, the state of the arts at his native place, about this time, was particularly favourable to such a disposition. Several artists of merit flourished there, among whom he mentions Antonio Bartolotto : a specimen of whose painting in fresco is extant, exhibiting a Madonna and Child, with an angel presenting a basket of cherries ; St. Quirino offering a model of the town of Corregio ; and St. Francis displaying his stigmata or wounds. Several peculiarities in this picture bear a comparison with the style of Corregio.

There were two other great painters, Andrea Mantegna, and Francesco Bianchi in the neighbourhood, to whom has been attributed the honour of instructing Corregio. The former of these is distinguished as the cultivator, if not the inventor, of fore-shortening ; in which Corregio so much excelled. But the death of Andrea, before the young painter had reached the age of thirteen, precludes any belief that Corregio could have studied under that master. Francesco Bianchi was a native of Modena, and excelled in graceful airs, and fine colouring. He is honourably spoken of in the Chronicles of the town, and died on the 8th February, 1510. The passage generally quoted from the Chronicle of Lapcillotto, a contemporary, indicates pretty clearly that he was a master of Corregio. It is in these words “ Francesco del Bianco, pittor famoso, fu maestro del divino coloritore Antonio da Corregio.” But Tiraboschi contests the authenticity of this passage, and states it to have been interpolated by Spaccini the copyist. We

are inclined, however, to credit the statement of Spaccini, as Corregio was not less than sixteen at the time of Bianchi's death, and must then have made considerable progress in the arts; for he painted a picture of considerable merit, before he arrived at the age of twenty.

There is little doubt, at all events, from the vicinity of both Mantua and Modena, and the high reputation which Mantegna and Bianchi had obtained, that the young artist derived considerable knowledge from observing their works, if he did not study under those masters in the quality of a pupil.

Such opportunities do not derogate from the genius of Corregio; as he did not content himself with the mere mechanical skill of a copyist, but imbibed a knowledge of the *principles* by which any pleasing effect was obtained. His knowledge of anatomy, perspective, sculpture and architecture, and his deep acquaintance with "the philosophy of colours," while it evinces his early application to study, fully supports his claims to originality: for the most ardent description of genius alone could have acquired so much at so youthful a period. Pungileoni, his biographer, has informed us, that his master in anatomy was Doctor Giambattista Lombardi, a native of Corregio, who had been a professor at Bologna, and subsequently at Ferrara. It is not known who was his instructor in the other sciences. The portrait of a physician, now preserved in the gallery of Dresden, is supposed to be that of Lombardi, painted by Corregio, in 1513. The strictest intimacy prevailed between the professor and his illustrious pupil about this time; as appears by a manuscript on parchment of the *Geographia* of Francesco Berlingheri, (in which is the autograph of Lombardi, with the date of February 1st, 1488) supposed to have been presented by him to Corregio on the 2d of June, 1513. According to an autograph of the last mentioned date, "*Antonius Allegri, die 2 de Zugno, 1513,*" in return for the portrait of Lombardi, to which we have alluded. The young painter is stated to have painted many landscapes and other pieces at this early period: among which has been ranked the curious and interesting sketch, now in the collection of the Marquis of Stafford, and formerly preserved in the gallery of the Duke of Orleans. This sketch—representing a muleteer, conducting a loaded mule and a foal, and engaged in conversation with a peasant—is supposed to have been formerly used as a sign to an inn.

On the 30th of August, 1514, Corregio entered into an agreement for the erection of an altar-piece in the church of the convent of minor Friars at Corregio. The stipulated price of one hundred ducats for



the undertaking, refutes the opinions of Vasari and others that the young painter was ill paid for his works.

This sum of one hundred ducats had been bequeathed to the convent for the purpose of erecting an altar-piece: and Antonio Corregio was selected for the work, though in his minority. No better proof could be adduced of the transcendant fame of Allegri at this period; as none but painters of distinguished merit were employed on works of art in religious houses. The altar-piece represented the Virgin with the infant Saviour in her lap. On one side was St. Joseph, and on the other St. Francis kneeling. The height was two braccia, and the breadth one and two-thirds, or nearly five feet by four. This painting was stolen in 1638, and an inferior performance, stated to have been from the hand of a Spanish painter, was substituted. From the documents quoted by Tiraboschi, it appears that the loss of so valuable a picture was regarded as a public calamity, and excited considerable commotion: but all efforts to recover the painting were unsuccessful.

About the same period, Corregio painted a piece for the brotherhood of Santa Maria, or the Hospital of Mercy. It is stated to have been an altar-piece in three compartments, the centre one represented God the Father, and the two others, St. John and St. Bartholomew.

Giovanni Siro, the last prince of Corregio, purchased this painting in 1612, at the price of three hundred ducatoons. Both these paintings being lost, or in obscurity, there are no means of ascertaining the style of his early pencil by comparison with that of his maturer years, except from a piece preserved in the gallery of Dresden, which Mengs conjectures to have been painted at this time, as an altar-piece for a chapel in the church of St. Nicholas at Carpi. This painting represents the Virgin and Child sitting on a throne under an Ionic canopy, with John the Baptist, and St. Catherine on one side, and St. Francis, and St. Anthony of Padua on the other.

A picture of a Virgin and Child, with figures of Saints, is stated to have been painted by Corregio in the chapel of the family of Invisiati, in the church of St. Nicholas at Carpi. Tiraboschi conjectures this to be the identical performance preserved at Dresden. Mengs states it to be in the *first style of Corregio*; which, though a little harsh in the contours, is executed with great spirit and softness. He observes, that "the colouring is true and rich, and in a style between that of Perugino and Leonardo da Vinci. The head of the Virgin greatly resembles those of da Vinci,—particularly in the cheeks, and in the smiling countenance. The folds of the drapery appear as though done

by Mantegna, as to the mode of encircling the limbs, but they are less dry and more grand.

His next performance, also preserved at Dresden, is the *St. George*, which was executed for the brethren of *St. Peter the Martyr* at Modena. The picture represents the Virgin, with the Child in her lap, seated on a throne, supported by two golden figures of Cherubim—*Peter the Martyr* in the attitude of intercession—and *St. Geminiano* taking from the shoulder of an angel the model of a church. In the front are two figures of *St. John the Baptist*, and *St. George*, whose attitudes are contrasted with amazing skill. This picture is esteemed as a specimen of his *second or intermediate style*. Four small angels of peculiar beauty ornament this picture. Guido, whose points as an artist were connected with a lively fancy and a whimsical fascinating playfulness of expression, once asked of a friend, who recently returned from Modena, "Have the children of Corregio grown up, and walked, or are they still to be found in the picture of *St. Pietro Martire*, where I last left them?"

Little doubt can be entertained that the reputation of Corregio was, at this time, well established, and that he was employed in painting for convents and churches. The successful traffic of his father, and the produce of his own dignified labours, improved the fortune and respectability of his family.

In the month of July 1519, Antonio Corregio espoused, in her 17th year, *Girolama*, daughter of *Bartolomeo Merlini*, formerly an Esquire to the Marquis of Mantua, and who had honourably fallen at the battle of Taro, in November 1503. This lady is said to have been a great beauty, and *Pungileoni* supposes that her husband took her as the pattern of the delightful picture, the *Madonna Zingarella*. In the marriage deed of settlement, she is described by titles, at that period, applied only to persons of high birth and distinction.

Three pictures, the subject of which is the marriage of *St. Catherine*, are connected with these events of his life; though they are not supposed to be of the same date, as the origin of one is attributed to the marriage of his sister. The first of these is now in the Imperial Gallery of *St. Petersburg*; it having been presented by the Duke of Modena, to Count *Bruhl*, when his royal master purchased the collection. *Mengs* highly extols this picture, and admits it to be an original. The second is highly esteemed, and has been copied by *Annibal Caracci* and other artists. Its excellence is manifested in the disposition of six hands, which appear nearly to touch each other, yet without constraint or affectation, as also in the grace

with which the virgin directs the hand of the boy in placing the ring on the finger of the bride, the harmony of the piece, and the disposition of the lights and shades. This picture belonged to the Farnese Gallery at Parma, was conveyed to Naples by Charles III., and is preserved in the collection of Capo di Monte. Its size is only eleven inches by nine; and its elegance and beauty have always excited admiration. The third picture has the addition of a figure of St. Sebastian, and a representation of the martyrdom in the back ground, and is supposed to be that preserved in the Royal Gallery of France. The communications of Girolamo Carpi to Vasari authenticate this painting; as also another work, the subject of which is Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen in the garden. This last painting was transferred to the grand collection in the Escorial, it having been purchased by Don Ramiro Nuguery Duke of Medina de las Torres.

Corregio at this time principally resided in his native town. In 1517 he received, from Francesco Aromani, a donation of a house and a parcel of land, described in the legal conveyance as "a reward for his merits and pecuniary assistance in the necessities of his uncle, and as a proof of the esteem in which the donor held the qualities of his mind and heart." It was executed in the palace of Manfredi, and in presence of that sovereign, and by his sanction. It therefore bears evidence of the favour Corregio enjoyed with Manfredi.

We now trace the career of this paragon of art in a more elevated style, where, his reputation being firmly established, his genius shone forth in meridian splendour. It was at Parma that he most distinguished himself, and became the founder of a new style of painting. His decoration of an apartment in the monastery of St. Paulo, and the cupola and other parts of the church of St. John—the nativity of Christ (or La Nôtte)—the St. Jerome and St. Sebastian, the cupola of that cathedral—the Leda and Danaë, painted by order of the Duke of Mantua for the Emperor Charles V—his Jo———, these, and other works, attest the magnitude of his labours, and the glory and triumph of his brilliant career.

His fame attracted considerable notice at Parma; and his aunt, being a native of that city, it is conjectured, that by her means he became known to the illustrious house of Montini. Cavalier Scipione, a member of that family, is said to have patronized and recommended him to Giavanna Piacenza, abbess of the monastery, a lady of taste and munificence in the arts. He was, by this lady, engaged to paint,

in fresco, the sides and vault of an apartment, with subjects of classical antiquity. An elegant frieze, decorated with vases, drapery, and the heads of goats, emblems of the chase; Cupid sporting with animals; Juno suspended in the clouds by a chain, as described by Homer; and other figures of elegant description, were the subjects selected. These paintings developed his *last and best* style; and being esteemed, upon unquestionable authority, as his genuine productions, they are highly valuable to elucidate the progress of art. The fore-shortening is singularly bold; the chiaro-oscuro is magically powerful; and the relief, the beauty, and the grace of the figures are inimitable. The date of this work is fixed in 1519.

The admiration excited by this work and others, caused the monks of St. John to engage him to ornament the grand cupola, and other parts of their church. The date of this performance has not been precisely ascertained; the agreement for undertaking it being lost. In the books of the convent there are, however, various entries between 1519 and 1536, and Tiraboschi asserts that he received two hundred and seventy-two gold ducats for ornamenting the cupola, and two hundred more in respect of other parts of the fabric. There is now extant an acknowledgment, under his own hand, for the last payment, dated 23rd January, 1524.

The situation of this splendid painting presented difficulties, which could not have been overcome by an ordinary artist: the cupola having neither sky-lights nor windows, and the only light being reflected from below. The subject is the Ascension of Christ in glory, surrounded by the Twelve Apostles, seated on the clouds; and in the lunettes, the four evangelists and the four doctors of the church. The martyrdom of St. Placido and St. Flavia; a dead Christ, with the Virgin Mary swooning at his feet; and the exquisite figure of the Magdalen, are painted in fresco as decorations of the fifth chapel on the right hand. Mengs particularly admires the head of St. Placido, and the figure of the Magdalen.

A letter or patent of fraternity, which passed the general assembly of the monks, sufficiently manifests their admiration of his works, and their satisfaction with his conduct. The assembly of this order was held at Pratalea in the latter end of 1521.

The flight into Egypt, or the Madonna della Scodella, originally an altar-piece for a chapel in the church of St. Sepolcro, belonging to the Lateran Canons, was also painted by him while at Parma.

We shall pass over other works of minor importance, to allude to the nativity, or *La Nötte*, as it is now called. The contract for the

execution of this picture is dated the 14th October, 1522, and the price fixed at two hundred and eight lire di Montea Vecchia, or forty-seven and a half gold ducats, according to Tiraboschi's estimation.

This performance is esteemed the most curious, and is, perhaps, the most beautiful of all his works: it exhibits a new principle of light and shade, and a breadth and depth of perspective, in a space of nine feet by six, which transcend all description. The principal light emanates from the body of the infant Saviour, which illuminates the surrounding objects. A second light is obtained from a group of angels above, but which is itself irradiated by the glory breaking from the child: thus allegorizing the scriptural expression, that Christ was the light of the world. The time chosen by the painter is peculiarly happy for the subject of the picture; it is that of the adoration of the shepherds, who, after hearing the glad tidings, hastened to hail the new-born Saviour. The date of this picture is uncertain; but it was not fixed in the chapel of Prateneri in the church of St. Prospero, at Reggio, till 1530. It was removed surreptitiously, in 1640, as it is supposed, by the order of the Duke of Modena, who substituted a copy; and was finally placed in the Electoral Gallery of Dresden.

The St. Jerome is spoken of by Annibal Caracci in terms of eulogy amounting to admiration, in which Mengs cordially joins. This artist, after alluding to the anachronism of introducing St. Jerome as contemporary with Christ, proceeds to an investigation of the merits of the performance; and Mengs adds "although the whole composition is wonderful, the head of the Magdalen is pre-eminent in beauty; and he who has not seen it, is ignorant of the effects which the pencil can produce."

The St. Sebastian, the next picture of Corregio, is stated in Pungileoni to have been executed about the same period. This is also still preserved in the gallery of Dresden, it having been taken from the church of St. Sebastian by Alphonso the fourth Duke of Modena.

The decoration of the cupola of the Cathedral next engaged the attention of our artist, in which he had to contend with greater difficulties than were presented by the cupola of St. John. The subject is the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. The fore-shortening of the figures in the upper part of the dome manifests consummate skill. The exquisite management of light and shade also shews that the artist had deeply studied this delicate branch of art.

Mengs describes this performance as the most beautiful cupola that Corregio ever painted, and Ratti calls it a prodigy of art. This

work is supposed to have been commenced so late as 1525 or 1526. An anecdote is recorded that the canons of the Cathedral were dissatisfied with the smallness of the figures, and disgusted the artist by their tasteless interference. They even appealed to Titian, who visited Parma in the suite of the Emperor Charles V. for his opinion, whether they should obliterate the whole performance, or suffer the painter to proceed; and Titian is reported to have said, that it was the finest composition he had ever seen. The expression of Bernardino Gatti, one of his scholars, evidently shews that there had been such a misunderstanding; for Gatti, being employed to paint the chapel of Stercoato, after making many objections, and expressing his unwillingness to be interfered with by so many masters, added—"Remember what was said to Corregio respecting the Cathedral."

There are four pictures of this great artist necessary to be noticed. The first is the Agony of Christ in the Garden, which displays a boldness in the fore-shortening, (particularly in the figure of the angel) truly admirable. The expression is of the highest and most affecting character; the dignified resignation of Christ being finely contrasted with the sorrow depicted on the face of the angel.

This picture was purchased for Philip IV. of Spain, by the governor of Milan, at the price of seven hundred and fifty Spanish doubloons, or £1,500. sterling, and transferred to the palace at Madrid, whence it was removed by the French, and was found concealed in the carriage of Joseph Buonaparte in his flight from Madrid. It was afterwards taken by the British troops, and now graces the collection in our National Gallery. The second is the Penitent Magdalen; which is a fine delineation of the female form. The third is the Education of Cupid, in which Mercury teaches the infant deity to read in the presence of Venus; and the fourth is the admirable picture of Venus rising from the Sea supported on the shoulders of Tritons. The beauty and seducing air of the countenance of the goddess, as represented in this performance are highly enchanting. This picture was in 1777, or 1778, in the possession of M. Bayer, an eminent antiquary and architect at Rome. The story relating to the death of Corregio has been controverted. It is stated, that on going to receive payment for his decoration of the Cupola of the Cathedral of Parma, the canons of the church, through ignorance or avarice, reduced the price agreed upon for the work to one half, which they paid him in copper money; that to carry home this unworthy load to his indigent family, poor Corregio had to travel eight miles, and the weight of his burden, the heat of the wea-



ther, and depression of his spirits, threw him into a fever, which, in three days, put an end to his life in 1694.

The portrait which has been engraved for the present number of our Magazine, is from an accurate copy made by Mr. Jackson, R.A. from a reputed likeness of Corregio, near a door of the Cathedral at Parma.

The style of Corregio, (though faulty in some respects, has many peculiar excellencies. His design is considered inferior to that of the great masters of the Roman school. He seems to have rendered that quality subservient to harmony and grace, which constitute the leading principles of his style. With harmony and grace he united another characteristic, namely, the disposition of lights and shades or chiaro-oscuro. He also displays a power of expression, which he shares only with Leonardo da Vinci; namely, the lovely and exquisite smile, which plays on his female countenances, and to which the epithet of the Corregesque has been assigned. His talent in foreshortening is also worthy of high commendation.

The artist Albani pays a handsome tribute to the colouring of Corregio. There is a richness and transparency in some of his tints which approach the animation of real life, and the effect of his painting is so heightened by intent observation, as to operate like magic on the soul, and by its fascination almost to deceive the sight. Annibal Caracci, in a letter to his cousin Ludovico, speaks of Corregio in terms of rapture. In allusion to the grand cupola he says—"To observe so large a composition, so well contrived; and seen from below with such great exactness; and at the same time such judgment, and a colouring of real flesh; good God! not Tibaldo, not Nicolini, nor even, I may say, Raphael himself, can be compared with him."

#### SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CHURCH AT CAMBERWELL.

*(Concluded from page 45.)*

HAVING now noticed all the monumental and architectural relics immediately belonging to the church, and containing any thing either interesting or curious; we will next consider its ancient history, as far as the imperfect state of remaining records will admit. From the period of the conquest to the latter end of the reign of Henry I., oblivion seems to have covered our subject with its wings. It is not improbable that the manors and church of Camberwell had been, up

to that time, solely in the possession of the crown, as we find that Henry I. gave Camberwell and Peckham to his natural son, Robert de Melhent, Earl of Gloucester, who, as Rapin tells us, made of all others the greatest figure in those times, "tant par son mérite personnel, que par le constant attachement qu'il eut pour l'Emperatrice sa sœur." From him it descended to his son William, who, A.D.

1154, gave the advowson of the rectory to the Prior and Convent of Bermondsey; which gift was confirmed to that religious house, five years afterwards, by Henry II., in 1159.

"Henricus, Rex Angliæ, dux Norm. et Aquit. et comes Anleg. archiepiscop. etc. salutem. Sciatis me concessisse et confirmasse Deo et Monachis Sancti Salvatoris de Bermundesey, pro mei et omnium meorum salute, ecclesiam de Camberwelam, quam dedit eis W. comes Gloucestræ etc."\*

This charter, however, had not the effect of tranquillizing conflicting claims; for the descendants of the earl, for a long time, disputed the possession of the title with the Prior; nor was it until after the lapse of eighty-eight years, that Richard de Clare, great grandson of Earl William,† put an end to the dispute, A.D. 1247, by passing a fine, whereby he gave up his claim for ever to the Prior and Convent.

"Anno 1247-32, Hen. 3. facta est finalis concordia inter Ricardum de Clare, comitem Gloucestræ, et Ymbertum de Bermundeseye, de advocacione ecclesiæ de Cambyrwell, quam remisit in perpetuam dicto Priori et Conventui."‡

The Prior afterwards obtained the King's licence to appropriate it.

"Anno 1329, Edw. 3. Rex. confirmavit omnes cartas et libertates concessas Monachis de Bermundeseye."§

This does not appear to have been the only disputed point by the conventual inhabitants of Bermondsey; for, by their curious chronicle, they seem to have had litigation with the nuns of Holiwell, near Shoreditch, who were the proprietors of Dulwich, respecting the tithes of some lands in East Dulwich, which was settled by an agreement, that the great tithes should be paid by the Prioress to the Convent of Bermondsey for all such pasture and wood-land, in the parish of Camberwell, as the nuns of Holiwell should cause to be converted into an agricultural state.

\* Carta de confirmatione. Monasticon Anglicanum.

† Heylyn's Help to History. ‡ Chronica de Bermondsey. Harl. Man. 231. § Idem.

"Anno 1255, 39 Hen. 3. Hoc anno facta est concordia inter Priorem de Bermondsey et Priorissam de Haliwell de decimis in Est Dilewich; scilicet, quod dicti Prior et conventus percipient omnes decimas majores provenientes de terris quas de bosco vel de Pastura in agriculturam dictæ moniales converterunt in parochia de Cambyrwell."\*

We find no mention of any of the vicars until the year 1290, when **GEOFFRY DE WYTEBYRI** was appointed to the living by Henry, Prior of Bermondsey. It would seem that this clergyman had not been fully inaugurated previously to the death of the Prior, which took place almost immediately after his nomination, and that he could not have enjoyed his vicarage for more than three years; for, according to the Rolls of Parliament,† towards the end of the year 1293, the king (Edward I.) thought proper to present another clerk; nor does the petition of the succeeding Prior, in favour of Wytebyri, appear to have been productive of any beneficial result. Who his immediate successor was is also unknown, and we lose sight of the incumbents for the space of eight years, during which the Prior and Convent of Bermondsey had, from some cause, incurred the sentence of excommunication.‡ A person presented by them having been objected to by the bishop as unfit for the sacred office, he took the patronage into his own hands, and in 1301 appointed

**ROGER DE HARTFORD, OR HARFIELD.** The Priory, however, contrived to persuade the bishop to revoke this collation,§ on the 24th of September, in the same year, although such proceeding could only have been a pro forma transaction; for this self same Roger was actually presented by the Priory, three days afterwards, as the object of their choice, and duly instituted in the benefice by the bishop.

The next vicar presented by them was **JOHN DE BOTELESFORD**, who succeeded to the living on the 6th day of April, 1318,|| but did not hold it more than four years, having been succeeded on the 23rd of February, 1322 or 3, by

**PHILIP DE LONGELEGH.**¶ The next vicar was

\* Chronica de Bermondsey. Harl. Man. 231. † 21, Edw. 1. incipiente, 22.

‡ Regist. John de Pontifera. Winton. Episc. 27. b. § Idem, 30. a.

|| Regist. Johan. Sandal. 45. a. et Reginald Asser. 29. a. Winton. Episcop.

¶ Idem Regin. Asser. 29. a.

**RALPH NORTHERN DE BRADFORD.**  
He succeeded to the living 16th September, 1338,\* but remained in it only four years, having made an exchange for St. Christopher's in London, A. D. 1342.† He was appointed to the Vicarage by Edward III., the Priory and Convent of Bermondsey being, at that time, in the hands of that monarch on account of the war which he was about to commence against Philip of France. The patronage remained in the royal possession but a short time, as the Prior and Convent appointed

**RICHARD DE MARSH**  
on the 10th November, 1342;‡ he was succeeded by

**WALTER DE IRTON**  
on 21st July, 1344;§ during this clergyman's session, some catastrophe must have taken place in Camberwell church, the particulars of which have not been transmitted to posterity, nor would the circumstance have been ascertained but for the existence of a commission, in the register of William de Edington, Bishop of Winchester, which bears date 1346, and was issued for the purpose of reconciling that sacred edifice which had been polluted by bloodshed.|| From this time the patronage remained with the Prior and Convent of Bermondsey with hardly any interruption until the period of the reformation.

**EDMUND DE BARNEY**  
was Vicar in 1354;¶ from this period we lose sight of the regular succession up to 1366, as no registers or records are known to be extant.

**RICHARD HORLE,**  
Vicar, died A. D. 1393,\*\* and was succeeded on the 4th day of December, in the same year, by

**THOMAS BODENY.††**  
On 1st April, 1398,

**JOHN SANDWICH**  
was Vicar,‡‡ but in 1406, he appears to have been constituted Rector.§§ From 1415 the register is lost until 1446, when

**THOMAS OWGHAM**  
was Vicar: he died in 1483,||| and was succeeded by

\* Ret. Brev. 162. b. Adam de Orleton Winton. Episc.

† 268 a. Adam de Orleton.

‡ 96. a. Idem.

§ 103. b. Adam de Orleton. Winton. Episc.

|| P. 2. fol. 5. 6. W. de Edington. Winton Episc.

¶ Claus. 27. Edward III. n. 22. 25. 26. 27.

\*\* Regist. W. de Wickham. Winton. Episc. 1. 227. a.

†† Idem.

‡‡ Idem. 284. b.

§§ Regist. Hen. Beaufort. Winton. Episc. 12. b.

||| Regist. Wm. de Waynfleet. Winton. Episc. 2. 92. b.

WALTER WYLLYS,  
on 2nd May, 1483, who died in 1505.\*

THOMAS STACY  
assumed the Vicarial duties on the 31st of October in that year,† which he resigned in 1526, and retired on a pension of £12. per annum.‡ He died on the 26th of March, 1527, and was buried in the church. When Aubrey made his Survey of Surry, Dr. Parr, then Vicar of Camberwell, shewed him a brass plate which had been taken out of the church and contained the following inscription.

"Of youre charitye praye for the soule of Master Thomas Stacy, Master of Arts, late Vicar of this church, who decessed the 26 dayes of Marche, the yeare of oure Lord 1527. And for the soule of William Benson and Sir Matthew Thompson, Chapeleyne to the said Master Thomas Stacy. On whose soules Jesu have mercye, Amen.§"

On the 21st day of March, 1526,||

JOHN FAIREWELL  
was appointed Vicar; on whose demise, 27th August, 1556, we find that

RICHARD GILL  
succeeded by virtue of a nomination from Richard Parsey,¶ to whom a former Abbot of the Convent at Bermondsey, appears to have granted the advowson. The next Vicar is

RANDALL OR RANDOLPH BECKETT,  
who was buried here on the 25th May, 1571.\*\* In 1577 or 8,

EDWARD WILSON  
received an appointment to this church by Queen Elizabeth: he founded and endowed the Free Grammar School immediately behind the church, for a master and twelve boys, which has been conducted for nearly a century and a half by the forefathers, and yet remains under the able guidance of the Rev. William Jephson, Master of Arts.

PETER DAWSON †† <sup>by Sir Edmund Bowyer's bequest to a Town</sup>  
<sup>settled into his house here & he Res. A. Wilson</sup>  
<sup>and Dawson being a nephew of the latter & Jephson</sup>  
was made Vicar on the 12th February, 1618. Many and grievous <sup>to the latter & Jephson</sup> were the complaints made against this clergyman. He has been accused of intemperance and drunkenness in time of divine service—of

\* Idem. Richard Fox. Winton. Episc. 1. 7. b. † Idem. ‡ Idem. 1. 127. a.

§ Aubrey. || Regist. Rouard. Fox. Winton. Episc. 1. 127. a.

¶ Manning's Survey and Ducarel's Index. Pole p. 25.

\*\* Par. Reg.—Reg. Rob. Horne. Winton. Episc. 116. a.

†† Ducarel's Index. Abbot. 1. 142.

the dissolution the advowson was granted to the Abbot & Margaret his wife

appropriating to his own use, and spending in drink, the alms which were bestowed on the church—of swearing, and other actions altogether inconsistent with the sacred character. Such charges, under common circumstances, would doubtless condemn the guilty to the lowest state of ignominious shame. But there is one fault alleged against him, which, considering the character of the times in which he lived, leads us to imagine that even the above enormities might have been overlooked, had he been one of those *godly* and *pious* personages who were permitted, for a time, to prevail against the beautiful fabric of our church, and who held forth an example of *mercy*, *righteousness* and *justice* to all men, by bringing their noble and generous, though mistaken, monarch to the block. In defiance of the Parliament he persisted in reading the king's declaration; this fact induces a moral certainty of his having been, at least, a good and loyal subject of his king, and when we consider that he was for five and twenty years Vicar of this church, we may fairly hope that his faults were not so great, nor his failings so numerous, as the pseudo-conscientious crooked knaves of those days may have wished us to believe. But however this may be, whether innocent or guilty of what has been laid to his charge, he paid the penalty deservedly due to such faults, being dispossessed by the Parliament in the month of August, 1643,\* who appointed

## ALEXANDER GREGORY

in his room; to whom, in 1646, succeeded

## JOHN MAYNARD,

who is said to have been an orthodox and godly minister, although such excellent qualities do not appear to have acquired for him the kindlier feelings of his flock, as they endeavoured to get him removed on the score of his having another living in Sussex, but such attempts proved abortive, the committee for displacing improper ministers not thinking proper to listen to their petition.† *presented* Sir Edward Bowyer

*Jonathan  
E. J. J. J. J.  
supposed to have  
been the Father of the last presented*

## RICHARD PARR, D. D.

to this church, either in 1649 or 1653; he was Vicar nearly forty years and was no contemptible opponent to the Fanatics of his day, having completely broken up and dispersed two of their conventicles by the force and eloquence of his preaching.

\* Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy, vol. 2. p. 233.

† Rawlinson's Manus. Bodl. Lib. vol. 324. p. 419.



ICHABOD TIPPING

was the next Vicar, he was presented by Lady Hannah Billingsley, *allied to her* on the 9th November, 1691, and died 17th March, 1727, aged 70. On *Bowyer's* his decease, Sir William Bowyer gave the living to

ROBERT AYLMER, D. D. *of Wokingham*

on the 23rd May, 1727. John Thornton, Esq. possessing the advowson by grant from Sir William Bowyer, son of the foregoing, presented

ROGER BENTLEY,

on the 7th September, 1769, and Joseph Wyndham, Esq. gave the living, A. D. 1795, to *since which the advowson has been in the hands of the representatives of the Bowyer family,*

GEORGE SANDEY

who resigned it some time about 1800 in favour of

EDWARD SMYTHE.

The next and present Vicar is the

Rev. G. STORIE.

The great bulk of ecclesiastical property in and about Camberwell was vested, in ancient times, between the Nunnery of Holiwell and the Convent of Bermondsey and it would seem that their possessions were acquired partly by purchase, and in no small degree by those free gifts, which, in times of darkness and superstition, were considered as a sufficient atonement for any enormity, and the efficacy of which, in securing the passage of the donor to heaven, it might then have been no prudent matter to doubt. Robert de Melhent, Earl of Gloucester, gave one hundred acres of woodland at Camberwell to Robert de Rothomago for his service and homage; which wood Robert grubbed up and gave as a perpetual alms-gift to the Nuns at Holiwell, the only reservation being the service due to the Earl for the same, which consisted in the payment, yearly, of half a mark. The same Earl at a subsequent period gave the Vill of Camberwell, as far as Peckham, to two of his knights, Etaly de Tychesey, and Alexander de Prechesland, and the remainder to Reginald Pointz together with the service due to the one hundred acres formerly granted to Rothomago. Reginald Pointz gave to the Nuns of Holiwell, in exchange for a road way near the wood, eight acres which Robert de Dunton tenanted and from which they derived excellent tithes. He also gave them as a free alms-gift twelve acres of land, together with Basilus Pointz, who was the son of Peter de Periton, and must have been a Nief or Bondman.\* When

\* In ancient times Lords of the Manor could give or sell their Bondmen and

the said Reginald, in compliance with the romantic spirit, of that age, took upon him the Cross and joined King Richard I. in his expedition to the Holy Land, he gave up to his four nephews the whole of his portion of the Vill. One of whom, Nicholas, gained the half to his share and gave ten acres to the Nuns of Holiwell, which extended from some house belonging to them, as far as a barn, which was the property of the Monks of St. Saviour's, Bermondsey, subject to a yearly payment of 2s. which he afterwards remitted and gave the whole, free of all and every service, as a pure and perpetual alms-gift.

On the death of Walter, who was one of the nephews of the Crusader, the aforesaid Nicholas Pointz succeeded to his estate, sold the whole of what had constituted Walter's share to the Nunnery of Holiwell for one fourth part of three fourths of a knight's fee.\* The Nuns of Holiwell also purchased lands in Peckham, from Martin Dilewis on a yearly payment of 12s. and the said Martin gave them six acres, as an alms-gift. They had also an estate bequeathed to them by Solomon de Basing, called Newelersfield, on condition that they should pay John de Newelers and his heirs 12s. yearly, and the same benefactor left them, moreover, ten acres of land which had belonged to William Frango.†

At the dissolution of the above possessions which constitute part of the Manor of Camberwell Fryern or Frerne was granted to Robert Draper;‡ page of the Jewells, whose daughter married John Bowyer,

Vassals, some of whom were denominated *Neif*, *Native*, etc., and there is yet extant a deed of gift of the time of Edward III. to such effect:

"*Sciāt quod Ego, Radulphus de C. Miles Dominus de L., dedi Domino Roberto de D. Beatricem filiam Will. H. de L. quondam Nativum meum, cum tota sequela sua et omnibus Catallis suis perquisitis et perquirendis; Habend. et Tenend. prædictam Beatricem cum tota sequela sua et omnibus Catallis suis et omnibus rebus suis perquisitis et perquirendis prædicto Domino Roberto, vel suis assignatis, libere quiete, bene et in pace in perpetuum, &c. In cujus et his Testibus.— Dat. apud L. in die Sancti Laurentii Martyris.*

"Anno 13 Edwardi Tertii Regia."

\* The exact value of a Knight's fee is not easily defined. By statute 1 Edw. II. cap. 1. it was fixed at £20 per annum, as being a sufficient sum to support a Knight; but Smith in his *Repub. Angl.* rates it at £40 per annum. Sir Edward Coke, 2 Inst. 596. states it to consist of 680 acres of land, but this is in direct variance with Kennet, who, in his *Glossary*, speaking of a Virgate or twenty-four acres, says, "*Virgata Terræ ex 24 acris constat, quatuor virgatæ Hidam faciunt, et quinque Hidæ Feudum Militis,*" which will give only 480 acres as the Knight's fee. It is most likely that the sum mentioned in the text was estimated at the pecuniary valuation of the Knight's-fee and amounted to about £3. 15s.

† See *Monasticon Anglicanum*, Vol. IV. and *Manuscripta* in *Bibl. Cotton. de terris in Camerwell*, sub effigie Vitellii, F. 8.

‡ Pat. 36 Hen. VIII.

Esq. of Shepton Beauchamp, in Somersetshire. In 1811, it was by will and descent the property of Joseph Wyndham Esq.\* The ecclesiastical possessions of Holiwell Priory, as estimated in the general survey made in the reign of Henry VIII. amounted, in fixed rents and other payments arising therefrom, to £13. 6s. 8d.†

With regard to the possessions in Camberwell belonging to the Convent of Bermondsey, little more remains to be said, than what has been already noticed in the account of the Vicars. After the dissolution of Monasteries, the patronage was given 11th Oct. 1445. 36 Hen. VIII., to Thomas and Margaret Callon, with the Manor of Dulwich. The Prior and Convent no doubt while they were the Patrons of the living received the great tithes, but the valuation of their property here at the dissolution, exceeds that of Holiwell Nunnery only by 2s. 8d.; a difference somewhat surprising, when we consider how much more particularly under their charge, this church and its ecclesiastical affairs must necessarily have been.

	£	s.	d.
The Rectorial tithes were only . . . .	10	0	0
Rent arising from Glebe lands . . . .	2	0	0
Fixed Rents . . . . .	1	9	4†

Such are the general details respecting this ancient church, which I have considered likely to attract the attention of the antiquary, and to be most deserving of preservation. I have confined myself almost exclusively to the contemplation of its architectural and ecclesiastical history, and although my efforts have been humble, yet, if they have beguiled away an hour which would otherwise have been more unprofitably spent, my labours will not have been expended in vain. To him, who is anxious for information which I have not afforded,—who would trace the heraldry of families long since gone by, or investigate the bounds and extent of manorial rights now almost forgotten, I would advise an attentive perusal of “Manning’s History of Surry,” a book so fraught with valuable knowledge that it is almost matter of astonishment how it could have been compiled.

But to us, gentle reader, no such path presents itself; our labours are nearly at an end, and when we shall have taken one turn round the venerable churchyard, it will be time for us to gird up our loins and return the way by which we came.

Some few years back this churchyard was enlarged, and the earth

\* Lyons. † Mon. Angl. Vol. IV. p. 391, 394.

‡ Mon. Angl.

which now conceals from the living the hideousness of death, was once the scene of many a boyish gambol, having been the play-ground belonging to the grammar school of Camberwell. How many a recollection of early youth does this well remembered spot bring back to the mind ! There is hardly an old tomb stone with which I have not played at leap-frog. I have earned honourable distinction among my juvenile compeers, by striking the vane of the church with a pebble, to the manifest danger of the skulls of such of his majesty's liege subjects as might be in the immediate vicinity, and have demolished the windows of the poor old church, at the commencement of a vacation, with all the dauntless hardihood of an urchin, who, commits an act of wanton mischief without the least fear or chance of detection. But those times have passed away, and with them have fled the happy, thoughtless moments of boyhood and of youth. The clock-bell, as its sound rolls away upon the wind, ushers me no more to the sworn enemies of a school-boy's peace—his books: it tells a still more dreaded tale, and speaks of time neglected, misapplied and lost. I cannot help thinking, as I look on the old tower, that the sun shines not so gaily on it, as it was wont to do,—and the long dank grass, as it glistens in his beams by the sides of a grave, seems fattening with the spoils of the dead, and silently bids me reflect how short the period may be ere I also shall contribute to give increase to its verdure.—There are but few monuments in the churchyard worthy of notice; there is one which consists principally of white marble. It was erected to the memory of Mary Voguell, wife of Henry Voguell, Esq., who died the 28th of February 1775, aged twenty-eight years. On the north side is the following inscription.

“ Say then, did bounteous heaven dispense,  
 Such beauty, wit, and social sense  
 To meet an early doom ?  
 How soon the purest soul is fled,  
 To gain the visionary dead,  
 And share the silent tomb !  
 Fond man, thy vain complaints give o'er,  
 Frail as the blossom of an hour,  
 Thy shadowy term is given ;  
 Yet God his favorite votary knows,  
 Contracts the span replete with woes,  
 And calls the saint to heaven.”

There is another monument to the memory of an infant son of Fowler and Elizabeth Bean, which ends in the following beautifully plaintive strain, replete with Christian resignation.

" But yet remembering that the parting sigh,  
Ordain'd this babe to slumber, not to die;  
The falling tear we check'd and kissed the rod,  
And not to earth resigned him, but to God."

There are several other monuments with laudatory stanzas to the memory of the departed, similar in tendency, and strangely contrasting with the dull uniformity of the place.—Here the young, the old, the helpless, and the strong, friend and foe, lie side by side in the dull cold sleep of the grave. All silent and at peace! And where is he who would wish to awaken them! Who would call the friend of his heart from that blest abode where he believes him to be happy and at rest, or seek to renew strife with him who has ceased to exist! No where. There is none who would wish the traveller to trace his weary journey over again, and whatever our disputes in life may have been, the grave buries all animosity. We see the departed only in their better robes, and depositing the remembrance of their failings in the grave with them, dwell in melancholy reflection on their memories, and mourn that the spirit which once animated shall animate no more.

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### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THIS long and deeply-agitated work is at length being carried into operation; and Mr. Wilkins has triumphed over public opinion and the true interests of art. That architect has so little regarded the sentiments of his brethren, and of the intelligent portion of the press, as to write a most injudicious and absurd letter to the Editor of the Morning Herald, which appeared in that paper on the 5th of November. Mr. Wilkins, in this letter, alludes to the opinions which had been expressed by the press in general, against his plan and site of a National Gallery; and, whilst affecting great contempt for their opinions, pretends to have made a selection of the Morning Herald as a newspaper worthy of his reply. He complains of an article which had appeared in that paper on the 4th of November, but does not, in the slightest degree, refute the assertions in it. In fact, he makes matters appear much worse; and clearly throws on the public mind a suspicion against the Commissioners of his Majesty's Woods and Forests, which all persons who know the high character of Lord Duncannon and his colleagues, would have been loath to entertain; and which we, upon such authority, are indisposed to avow. We shall not

follow Mr. Wilkins, nor condescend to quote a word from his letter ; nor shall we argue the subject of his scheme with him, as it would be disreputable to our pages to continue a contest with a man so insensible to censure, and so fond of self-praise, as to persevere in spite of all opposition, and to attribute ignorance of the principles of art to every person who does not agree with his own peculiar views. This latter remark of ours is born out by the fact of his repetition (in the letter alluded to) of the old phrase "a Gothic Spire on a Grecian building." We had thought that this translator of *Vitruvius* had received a sufficient castigation in the talented little pamphlet of Mr. Purser, to prevent him from repeating those two misnomers. But he is insensible to argument, and it would be like fighting our battles o'er again, and thrice slaying the slain, to reason with him. We cannot, however, but join in the expression of regret, which has proceeded from a contemporary, on the useless expense likely to be incurred in the National Gallery, before a foundation can be obtained for the building. We are informed that the workmen, employed in the excavations for the National Gallery, after sinking to a depth of more than ten feet in search of earth fit for a foundation, have at length reached the bed of an ancient rivulet, the stagnant weeds of which are said to be near ten feet deeper ; and that, if this bed should be found of any great width, it is thought that the whole sum voted by Parliament, and for which Mr. Wilkins has contracted to erect the building, will be absolutely expended before the works are high enough to require a scaffolding. Our maxim being "*audi alteram partem*," we are not disposed to form any conclusion on this fact, before Mr. Wilkins shall have made his explanation of the affair, provided he do it in reasonable time ;—but, if he should continue to treat the subject with silence, he may depend on our hostility to any plan which should be thus tacitly admitted to have defrauded the public of so much money ; and we would join in the expression of our hope, that an inquiry should be set on foot to ascertain whether Mr. Wilkins or the nation should pay the expense.

Since we last alluded to the National Gallery, a pamphlet has appeared from the pen of Mr. Haydon, the historical painter, which,—though it is written in apparent haste, and with too much brevity sufficient to explain the author's views,—is well worthy attention. The pamphlet is published in the form of a letter to "The Right Honourable Earl Grey, first lord of the Treasury, &c. &c.—On the probable consequences of the junction of the Royal Academy and National Gallery." The writer treats on the subject, first, as to its effect on the art ; and, secondly, on the National Gallery itself.



He opens the subject by stating what a National Gallery should be, viz. "a Monumental Depository, or sacred refuge, not only for the great works of foreign schools, but also for the great works of the native school;" and that, "as a National Gallery has always been a species of temple for the dedication of the greatest works of genius, dead or living, any plan which brings an annual display of indiscriminate works, in immediate comparison with the selected works of the greatest painters of the choicest ages of the world, must be inconsistent and injurious." We concur in this remark, for the reason, as the author very justly observes, "that the comparison will not be fair; and the crowd, seeing only gross results, without time or inclination to reason on causes, will depreciate modern art below its just level; the dealer in old impositions will be again in the market; and the very worst consequences may be anticipated to the future progress, and future patronage, of the British school, which has proceeded so far, so powerfully, though not altogether so scientifically as could be desired."

The author's remark, that "taking the space of Charing Cross of 500 feet, if 250 only in depth and length can be devoted for a National Gallery, there will not be a petty provincial city, in France or Germany, that will not possess a more splendid gallery than Great Britain." We can have no hesitation in declaring that, in our opinion, a space of 1000 feet, at the least, should have been afforded. In so great a national undertaking, which should exist for ages, and be connected with the history of our country, it is disgraceful that a *small* space should be allowed. The author observes, that the Cartoons of Andrea Montegna, and Raphael, would alone occupy the space of twenty-five feet in depth and length; and he contends, that "no gallery can be effectual with less than 800 feet of range, 400 for the ancient school, and 400 for the modern."

With regard to the arrangement of the pictures, Mr. Haydon recommends that the Cartoons of Andrea Montegna, as the finest specimens of the Mantuan school, and the Cartoons of Raphael, and then the oil pictures, be classed in the ancient department; and that, in the native department, the British pictures already bought be classed, and as fine works, whether ancient or modern, appear, they should be purchased and placed in the gallery by the state.

Though we cannot go the full length with Mr. Haydon, in his strictures upon the Royal Academy, we must admit, that it is most extraordinary, that, as a body, they have, for a period of sixty-five years, shewn such an indifference to many plans brought forward by the greatest

men in the art, to induce the church or the government to protect it by a grant of money, as in all other civilized countries. There is something exceedingly grave in the charge brought against that body, of their not having returned any answer to the inquiries of the committee, appointed by Lord Castlereagh to consider of the best mode of disposing of the million voted for Waterloo;—the object of his lordship having been to serve the arts.

We suppose the hints thrown out in Mr. Haydon's pamphlet will, at some time or other, be useful; we are, however, fearful that existing prejudices are too rooted to be of present avail. It would appear that all that has, hitherto, been written, by persons acquainted with the arts, has been considered of contemptuously (if considered at all) by those who have had the management of the money granted by Parliament to establish a National Gallery. We are more sanguine in our hopes of an improving spirit being thrust upon the public, through *private* institutions, in the arts, which, we are happy to perceive, are making rapid progress, and will soon eclipse the Royal Academy; when portrait painting is too much encouraged, and the public taste for the arts is depreciated for the sake of monopolizing private patronage.

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#### HINTS ON PORTRAIT PAINTING.

WHEN Dr. Johnson had read the works of J. Richardson, he observed, that "he did not suppose so much could have been said upon Art." But that, in my opinion, is not so surprising as the able manner in which the subject was treated. What appears the most extraordinary is, that so little notice should be taken of them now, seeing they contain some of the finest instructions ever composed. We rarely meet with any who have read them, and yet they ought to be perused by all. I have transcribed some portion of the preface to them as likely to furnish a useful hint to the would-be Portrait Painters. "The great business of painting I have often said, and would fain inculcate, is to relate a history or a fable, as the best historians or poets have done; to make a portrait so as to do justice at least, and sometimes not without a little complaisance; and this to the mind, as well as to the face and person; to represent nature, or rather the best of nature; and, where it can be done, to raise and improve it; to give all the grace and dignity the subject naturally presents, all that a well-instructed

eye can discover in it, or which such a judgment can find it is capable of in its most advantageous moments." Such was the language addressed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose immortal works have proved the truth of its being the best advice. Mr. Richardson was a Painter of Portraits, and although he did much for our amusement and instruction, it is possible that he might have advanced more in regard to the mode of practice. No one can mistake what is excellent in a picture any more than what is great in life, but we want to be informed in what manner these perfections are to be obtained, and whether they who endeavour to attain to them ought not to be one or both by nature; for it was impossible for Lord Duberly to divest himself of the habits of a chandler, although he had an accomplished gentleman, with a salary of £300 per annum, as his tutor. The delineator of the human countenance has the greatest difficulties to encounter, and never more so than in the expression of character; for before he can satisfy his patrons and friends it is necessary that he have genuine confidence in himself. It is not the flattery nor even the patronage of friends that will support a man through life, if he be destitute of sterling merit.—A painter ought to be possessed of such general information as will enable him to give animation to the countenance, whenever it may be required: this is in direct opposition to the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, (as stated by Northcote) but yet is in perfect accordance with the progress of his work, and the practice of his biographer. He who cannot follow such rules may do better by copying still life. Sir Joshua has been accused of advising painters to hold their tongues in the presence of those who employ them. It certainly would be well, could we by any means gain his power of giving life to the canvass, for his perfect knowledge of the art would enable him, after a few glances at the model, to surmount with ease what would exhaust another's patience; he could give effect at the very first sitting, which few could display at the very finish of their work. Such talents were in a great degree inherited by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence; he gave beauty to form in every thing, his picture of Nature is perfection, art can never be expected to go beyond it, and it is only equalled by the Puck of Sir Joshua. I have introduced these subjects because there is evidence of their being portraits; the features are in full play and in perfect harmony. There is no fault to be found because *one* is too much forced for another. The limbs are in character with the face both in action and in form. The light parts are not too bright for the shades; and although two persons are represented, you are led to suppose that a third must have been present from the circum-

stance of the child looking out from the window. Any single portrait ought to give us the idea of a second person being present. There is one remark worthy of observation respecting *effect* in the subject of nature, viz. it does not give the impression of having been done in a room, with a light contracted, a style very opposite to the old manner of painters. I have known several instances of the first masters failing in their portraits by the adaptation of too powerful light and shade, people are not so seen in general; such effects shew the skill of the master, but these powers are best confined to the historical or fancied subjects; besides it tends to give age which is not wanted.

A painter's studio at all times will make persons look older than in the open air. Persons, generally speaking, prefer being painted in the prime of life, and are not very inexorable in pardoning an artist for omitting a few wrinkles, or at least depicting them as less prominent than they may in reality appear. Whoever adopts such general principles will be pretty sure to meet with due reward from the public. It requires deep and intense study and constant practice before any one can fully comprehend in what beauty consists. To describe it in as concise a manner as possible, we would select the Apollo Belvidere as one of the best specimens of the antique with which a student should be acquainted, in order to be enabled to copy nature who abounds in the greatest variety, is seldom seen perfect, and is rarely met with in all the beauty of faultless proportion. A trifling advantage may always be given to any feature, however deranged, without the least fear of discovery from the inexperienced. For instance, a *mouth* may be too large, or a *nose* too short, and so on; in which case the former may be diminished, and the other lengthened, without detriment to character. In expression little alteration takes place in the *nose* in comparison to the *mouth*, *eyes*, and *cheeks*. In cases of laughter the corners of the mouth and the nostrils curve upwards, while the outward corners of the eyes and point of the nose have a downward inclination which causes a rise to the cheeks and under eyelids. All this tends to shew the teeth, which are generally omitted in a portrait on account of the extreme difficulty of delineating them with perfection. Frank Hals and Murillo were, perhaps, the most successful masters of the old school in painting humour and in shewing the teeth. Sir Joshua Reynolds invariably closed the mouth, and who, of later years, could paint the opened mouth or any other feature equal to Sir Thomas Lawrence! The eyes being capable of more expression than it is possible to describe, I shall confine my remarks to the style of painting them in portraits only. The

passions are in endless variety and must fail by description without the aid of the pencil. To paint the eye requires the utmost skill, and, when done to perfection, must ever be viewed as a jewel of the first water; in short it may be estimated in art, in the same proportion to its value in life, for, as the Bard of Avon says,

"He who is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost."

Who can say that the fine eyes of Garrick, Mrs. Siddons and Kean were not of equal advantage to them with their splendid acting? yet none but Reynolds and Lawrence, have been able to do them any sort of justice. They have attended to form and colour with due precaution, so as not to spoil the eye by shades as deep in tone as the very centre of the eye. Its globular shape and glassy effect, at all times make it the principal attraction of the head, yet, in general, it is painted with little reference to nature. Lawrence availed himself of every opportunity to shew the eyes to the best advantage, by turning them either to the left or right, and thereby shewing them full, bright, and transparent. His executive powers were wonderful, but he was not the painter of a great or thinking mind. No man ever knew the exterior form of the human face better than he, nor was he ever surpassed in the *finish* of his painting; but he was deficient in much of that dignity which is the attribute of Reynolds. As the eye of man is supposed to tell the workings of the mind, how skilful must that hand be which traces with precision its varieties of expression. In a case of much thinking, the lids cover a certain portion of the Iris, but when of a lively turn, they are open. There are painters who cannot make any distinction in the eyes, but represent them as a cast from one mould, and much larger than the life. Such persons have neither rule nor judgment for proportion and perspective; they rather observe what is in a perpendicular or horizontal direction, and would do well to bear in mind, that, in the face of the European, the space between the eyes is the length of an eye, or a very trifle more or less, and that the mouth from the eyes is distant from two inches to two and a half, but never more. As this feature varies in form according to circumstance, it will be always found, that, when in a tranquil state, its corners terminate under the centre of each eye. Every thing should be regulated by similar rules for an artist to be enabled to paint like Titian. As good looks, good humour, and good sense, are the most essential qualities to be expressed in a portrait, I cannot do better than refer the reader to

whatever has been done by Sir Joshua as the, as yet, summit of art. Study his works in preference to all descriptions on painting, for he who has not sense to benefit by such an illustrious example, had better turn his thoughts to other pursuits. A. W.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

BEFORE resuming, from our last number, our notice of the pictures in the gallery of this society, we shall hazard a few remarks upon the prevailing tone of artistical criticism, as regulating the judgment of the public in the selection and purchase of works of art, and as tending to heighten or obscure the fair fame and character of individuals engaged in them, more particularly with their patrons, and, in considering these points, we shall indulge in such suggestions and comments as circumstances seem to require.

Criticism, whether of literature, of science, or of art, should be well understood before it be honestly practised,—and there are, perhaps, few acquirements in the present day more vaunted of, and yet with so little right. It is a law which few, perhaps, can dispense with justice and moderation, for justice not unfrequently becomes morose, and liberality often degenerates into adulation. Between these two extremes critics will pursue no neutral course; there is no such course of honest candour that they can find, and the worst consequences to art and artists are the result; we shall have opportunities afforded us, before we conclude our observations, of proving the correctness of this assertion.

The Press has been compared to an engine of mighty power:—we would rather liken it to a large picture, filled with broad lights and shadows, producing a diversity of tone and colouring, and acting with an almost irresistible influence on the spectator. In such a composition the critics occupy a conspicuous place. As part and parcel of this press-picture,—if we may so term it,—they, or rather their criticisms, enjoy some considerable share of popularity; they are looked upon as the express organs of public opinion and public taste, and on all matters, in any way connected with the subject, their critical voice has a value attached to it which is co-important with art itself. This is sufficient to shew the necessity of well weighing and canvassing the merits or demerits of a picture, before pronouncing critically either



upon the one or the other,—but, in proportion to the importance of the fact we have just stated, has it been most unaccountably overlooked by ninety-nine out of every hundred of those, who profess to be fair and impartial critics of art. They dash at once in *medias res*, and either save or condemn as the case may happen. The public, who are blinded to this sad system, join the critic in what he proclaims, and rumour, with her thousand tongues, spreads the outcry far and wide. There is no artist, however high and proud and pre-eminent his name may be in the ranks of art, who can or could, stand long against the fierce and bitter assaults of a venal and worthless critic.

Reynolds, West, and Lawrence, would never have reached or maintained the high rank in art which they did, if the writers of their time had joined hand in hand to lower and vilify them in the opinion of the public. The Patrons of art, and those who have access to the private views of exhibitions in the metropolis, may frequently refer to the *dictum* of another to see how far, in his own individual opinion and estimation of a work of art, he agrees with that *Magnus Apollo*, the *Arbiter Artium* of a Sunday paper; and should the patron and the critic disagree, it may be that an enthusiastic and deserving artist loses the former for ever, and his growing fame is thus prematurely blighted, by the curse and condemnation of one who may forsooth understand no more of the merits of a picture than of the composition of the paper on which he writes.—Well may we add,—

Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder?

The public, and the wealthy patrons of art, are therefore duped, wilfully so, and their judgment most egregiously misguided by such sharp-set scribes.

But if we reprobate in strong terms such conduct as obstructs, incidentally as it were, the rise and progress of art, what shall we not say, when, in periodical works which profess to be devoted to the arts alone, we find writers forsaking the legitimate paths of criticism and converting their columns into vehicles of petty abuse, with a view, as it would be presumed, of rendering them as vulgarly notorious as are the base and malignant attacks which appear week after week in those of a certain Sunday newspaper?

Of all the dangerous characters that infest public life and public society, the man who mixes up the bilious temperament of his disposition with but a paltry knowledge of the subject on which he chooses

to vent his critical spleen or ignorance, is the worst :—he is either the slave of his own bad feelings and passions, or the wretched dupe and tool of those who dance attendance on him, and who, for “services performed,” come in occasionally for a sop from such a Cerberus. Deeply and painfully are we impressed with a sense of the degradation, while we acknowledge that the arts and artists have suffered more extensively through the illiterate and unprincipled observations of a certain newspaper reporter than a dozen sensible and well written articles of criticism could counteract. The author of the strictures to which we allude has been long known to have the faculty of dealing out, right and left, those low, sarcastic shafts which strike with so deadly an effect. As a writer upon art, this dark-lantern genius stands unrivalled in the unjustifiable and unwarrantable means he employs to decry it. He cannot relish or admire a beautiful picture, but his wretched stupidity will rather lead him to emblazon and magnify a trivial fault for the express purpose of committing an execrable pun,—forgetting, as he does, that Dr. Johnson has somewhere remarked that a man who can be guilty of such an act will some day feel it his duty to pick a pocket. He will penetrate into every hole and corner in order to drag out works of art, but not to criticise them—his sole hope being that some peculiarity in the cognomen of the artist, or the title of the picture, may afford scope for the indulgence of his low buffoonery, and for bringing the name of an individual into contempt and ridicule.

If he notices the works of any Society or Body of Artists, he will wander through every maze and labyrinth for the purpose of heaping a tissue of foul and malignant abuse upon them, or for the deadlier purpose of exciting a spirit of enmity between one brother artist and another. So thoroughly hardened in heart is this man, that he will talk to you with the voice of friendship whilst he meditates your utter destruction ;—he will break bread with you at your table, and then expose to the scoff and laughter of the world the domestic harmony and comfort of your fireside ;—he will, by any means, best suiting his own ends, obtrude himself into the studio of the artist, and under the winning and seductive influence of assumed friendship expose him to ridicule by stale and wretched allusions garnished with vulgar scraps of Latin. If he cannot find scope for attacking the works of an artist, he will attack the individual himself ; and not scruple to slander persons where he cannot vilify their productions. It is a common trick with him to announce to the readers of his contemptible effusions, that such an artist has sent for exhibition such and such a picture—a picture which perhaps was never dreamed of. This artist may perchance

be a favourite of his and by such despicable manœuvres he manages to keep his name (whether good or bad) before the public. Again, with the coolest contempt for the truth, he will criticize a wretched picture, painted by one of his parasites, and pronounce it to be but an indifferent production, but then he will take especial care, in the sequel, to express his regret that the party did not send something better, which he was so well able to do; and, in this vile and drivelling manner, does he unite fact and falsehood, so as to make it difficult at times to unfathom his meaning.

We may further notice the wanton and disgraceful personal attacks in which this genius of slander indulges. He will describe an artist as ugly and illiterate, and observe, that, instead of possessing the organs of kindness and benevolence, he is characterized by the bumps of envy and malice.

Such is a mere outline of the malignant and venomous matter in which this creature is wont to revel, under the imposing title of "Notice of the Fine Arts," an article frequently eked out to the length of a couple of columns.

The simple and unobtrusive life of an artist has been proverbially acknowledged in this and in past ages: his hours of ease are few; his hours of idleness none: the hypocrite, therefore, who steps in to disturb such hours with unfeeling gibes and sarcastic sneers, fills our mind with unutterable loathing and disgust.

We are amongst those who believe that works of art, submitted to the public, are at all times open to sensible and impartial criticism. The press is the great medium of instruction and improvement, and the written opinions of a cultivated mind, if kindly and properly disseminated, must eventually tend to promote good; but the ignorant scribblings of a sarcastic fool amount but to sound and fury, and, as the poet truly tells us, signify nothing.

We have thus far contented ourselves with explaining the disgraceful system pursued by this writer, in his paltry endeavours to injure the reputations of artists not his sycophants and friends, and we have now to point out the plan we mean to pursue with reference to him.

It has been, and ever will be, our province to watch over and protect the interests of art and artists in every way in our power, and in the performance of this duty, we will take care that the finger of our readers shall be pointed with scorn and contempt at this paltry detractor. Month after month will we expose him to the just indignation which his infamous conduct deserves, and he

shall find to his shame, that our pen will neither tire nor slumber until either his ribaldry is effectually silenced, or those whom he has so grossly injured and degraded, call upon us to spare him.

In commencing our second notice, we must go back a number to introduce No. 112. *Smugglers—Moon Rising*,—E. CHILDE. This picture stands in sombre relief from among those surrounding it: it is a black cheerless scene: the rocky shore and the waters take a shadow of deep gloom from a black, pitchy, sky above, except in the far distance, where the pale moon is seen rising in beautiful relief, forming a startling contrast to the bleakness around. The subject is well conceived and as finely treated; the figures in the fore-ground are cleverly grouped, and the whole composition is one with which we have been much pleased. We shall meet in pleasant company again with Mr. Childe, before we finish our review of this exhibition.

No. 115. *Portrait of a Hackney*—R. B. DAVIS. We need not here point out to our readers the high rank which Mr. Davis holds as an animal painter. This picture, though small, well deserves attentive examination.

No. 117. *Landscape*—CROME. A delicious bit of painting, which, though smaller than the "*Grove Scene*," is quite as rich in artistical excellence.

No. 121. *Gipsy Girl*—MRS. W. PEARCE. There is a richness and delicacy of colouring about this picture which we admire much. We have often wandered through forests and among gipsy-lands, but we opine that we never met with one half so fascinating as ahe of this picture. Had not the artist a mirror before her when she delineated the features of this fair and beautiful sibyl?

No. 123.—*Scene on the Sussex Coast*—J. WILSON. This is a simple sea-shore scene, yet how much is there in it? The very simplicity of its detail,—a low flat sand and a transparent sea,—a few shrimp catchers in the low water, some fishermen in the fore-ground, and a light cloudy sky above, are all the picture contains; yet each of these is delineated with such close adherence to nature, and with such a truth of tone and colouring, that none will see without admiring it.

Nos. 124. *Hampstead Heath—looking Eastward*.—172. *Hampstead Heath—looking South-west*—F. WATTS. These pictures represent pieces of scenery with which all our readers are familiar. They have been sketched under the light of a dappled, cloudy, sky so common towards the close of summer, and which, as the artist

has painted it in these pictures, has given a fine breadth of light and shade to every object depicted, and in the first named (No. 124) this is seen to much advantage. In the second (No. 172) the sky is darker, and the general scene of the picture not so widely developed; but we admire both; they are equally creditable to the artist's talents.

No. 126. *River Scene—Moonlight*—E. CHILDE. On a first glance at this picture, we were almost led to believe it to be nothing more than another view of the last we noticed by the artist: there is the same pitchy darkness, the same bleakness and barrenness of aspect, which, however much they might have been in character with the conception of the last design, are clearly not so in this one: such at least is our humble opinion regarding it.

No. 127. *The Gentle Reader*—H. WYATT. The tone and colouring of this picture might have been lighter; the conception and the attitude of the female figure are, however, very graceful.

No. 128. *Portrait of his Mother as a Greek Woman*—BARRY. The catalogue states that "this picture was done to prove that he (Barry) could paint as well as the old masters, in their own style," a description that speaks aptly for itself and renders superfluous any particular comment on the picture from us.

No. 129. *Perseus ascending from the Cave of the Gorgons with the Head of Medusa*—FUSELI. This is another of those strange conceptions of fancy in which Fuseli delighted to put forth all the efforts of an art in which we may truly say he gloried. He appeared to scorn and condemn the common, every-day, track of imagination, and felt in his element only when embodying some of those wild and mystical scenes which his genius led him to create and adorn with all the skill, grace, and beauty of which the painter's art was capable. In many of Fuseli's pictures we have been charmed with his noble delineation of the human form, and the figure of Perseus is a fine example of these. The student in artistical anatomy will see much to admire in the muscular energy and vigour of the figure: every muscle of the trunk is represented in powerful force and action, and the position of the body displays this to fine advantage: the muscles of each leg and thigh are represented in similar action, in the right the flexors, and in the left the extensors (the rectus muscle in particular swelling out the whole length and breadth of the thigh). The extended arm holding out the severed head of the Gorgon, and the fierce demoniacal expression of the countenance complete the composition of this fine figure. The reclining attitude of the dead Gorgon is beautifully conceived; the body and limbs are drooping in the

repose of death. We admire the whole picture much; it will afford many fine points for study to the attentive artist.

No. 130. *Landscape*—BARRETT. There are parts of great beauty and excellence about this picture: the prevailing colour is a bright green, but the general tone and effect have been so sobered down by time, that the whole appears now in beautiful harmony of composition and effect. Barrett was contemporary with Wilson, and painted landscapes with equal grace but did not receive that high approbation and honour, which have given the title of the English Claude to Wilson.

Nos. 133, *The Nap in Danger*.—160. *The Bachelor's Breakfast*—MISS COOKE. In the former of these pictures, and indeed we may say in both of them, the story is well made out, but the execution we do not like quite so much. In the first one especially there is a roughness and harshness of colouring, which, in so small a picture, are painfully perceptible. The expression of the closed eyes of the dozer is not well given; we were obliged to examine the work twice to see whether sleep was what the artist intended to represent or not—this little defect is one, however, which can be easily remedied.

No. 136. *Clarissa Harlowe in the Prison Room of the Sheriff's Officer*—C. LANDSEER. This picture we may truly say is one of the richest gems of modern art in the gallery. The colouring, tone and feeling of the whole are extremely delicate and beautiful. The expression of the countenance is one of deep, overburdened, feeling of utter wretchedness, misery and loneliness, and in depicting all this the artist has been most felicitous. The drapery is well managed and the kneeling attitude of the figure gives an increased interest to the whole. The other accessories of the picture are well put in, and we may cordially congratulate Mr. C. Landseer on the production and sale of so beautiful a piece of art. We have heard (we hope correctly) that he has been commissioned to paint a companion to it: this is as it should be, and we shall look forward with some interest to his pictures in the ensuing spring exhibition at this gallery.

No. 138. *Ancient Veil*—W. LINTON. The catalogue states that the scenery of this picture was sketched on the spot; nevertheless we must say that it falls short of what we expected from Mr. Linton's pencil. The drawing is stiff and the colouring appears hard and crude on the canvass; there is a mannerism about it too, which we do not like; it reminds us of a picture of "Morning" painted by this artist and engraved in one of the *Annals*.

No. 141. *Conicay Castle, North Wales*—E. CHILDE. The drawing



of this picture is doubtless true to nature, but we question much whether such dark sooty clouds are the most picturesque appurtenances to such a work. In a former production, "*The Smugglers*," there was a character of scenery to keep up, in connection with such a lawless set, with whom black clouds and a grim locality better corresponded than with the objects before us. We venture to express this opinion with the best wishes for Mr. Childe's success in his career of art.

No. 143. *Portrait of Sir Edward Kynaston*—MRS. W. CARPENTER. This picture offers a strong contrast to the pale, studious, countenance of poor Bonington, by the same artist, on the other side of the room. We have examined it with some degree of attention, and are happy in being enabled to express our cordial approbation of it. There is a vigour and boldness of colouring, and a freedom of handling, which we have never seen equalled in any former picture by the artist, who may, we believe, be fairly ranked among the first female painters of the present day. It is said that the resemblance of this "*Portrait*" to the original is very faithful.

No. 144. *His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex as Colonel of the Loyal North Britons*—SIR W. BEECHEY, R. A. The tone and colouring of this performance have been much mellowed down by time: it is well finished off, and we should be offending against the best rules of criticism to offer a dissentient voice against the well-known artistical talents of Sir W. Beechey.

No. 145. *Cicero's Villa*—WILSON. One of Wilson's quiet pictures of green and shady scenery of which we have before expressed our admiration.

No. 148. *Fruit*—G. LANCE. A very excellent picture in that particular branch of art in which Mr. Lance is so well known to excel.

No. 149. *Lady and Parrot*—MRS. W. CARPENTER. The colouring, arrangement, and disposition of this picture are good, and it affords another proof of the truth of our preceding remarks on Mrs. Carpenter's talents.

No. 150. *Roadside near Lyndhurst*—J. WILSON. There is a very pleasing sunny effect in this production, and a mellowness of tone and colour which we much like, and which gives a very happy effect to the whole.

No. 152. *Fire*—DE LOUTHERBOURG. A wiseacre has somewhere called this picture "a few spare colours from the pallet." The ignorance of such an opinion is sufficiently manifest. We should say, that though the tints are somewhat subdued, yet the contrast of the light

and darkness is very meritorious and produces a novelty of effect, which none will fail to perceive.

No. 154. *A Woody Scene*. No. 158. *A Sand Bank*—J. W. ALLEN. There is one effect which we noticed in examining these pictures—they are touched up and finished in the most careful manner—the Wood Scene particularly so, which we consider the better composition of the two—the foliage of the trees in the fore-ground, the forest stream on the left, the rustic bridge thrown across, the dim distance, receding away till all is lost in

“—— the thin gray air” are points of picturesque effect which we admire very much. As a woodland subject we think it possesses equal merit with any landscape in the gallery.

No. 155. *Portrait of a Gentleman*—OPIE. No. 156. *Mrs. Orby Hunter*—HOPNER. There is a great and manifest difference of style in these two portraits. The first one, by Opie, has a quiet reserve and dignity about it which all will admire who admire the productions of the master. Hopner's picture, on the contrary, has a boldness of character and style about it, which Opie in his pictures, never attained to. The attitude, grace, and beauty of No. 156 amply attest the truth of this remark.

No. 157. *Storm*—DE LOUTHERBOURG. There is a boldness and vividness of effect in this performance which the subject warranted, and it forms an appropriate companion-piece to the “Fire.”

No. 164. *Sketch from the “Mid-summer Night's Dream”*—W. ETTY, R. A. This is the only contribution which Mr. Etty has sent to the gallery, but if a solitary, it is at the same time a beautiful one. There is no modern artist who excels more in the correct position and display of his figures. If in a single one, the attitude is always correct; if in a group, the arrangement is always graceful and skilful,—as is the case with the present subject, where the figures will be found to be cleverly disposed, the drawing accurate, and the colouring harmonious; and those points of beauty in the female form, which Mr. Etty can display to such advantage, are well made out.

No. 165. *Abraham and Isaac*—WEST. We have heard many conflicting opinions about this picture, some contending for its superior skill and beauty, others for the very reverse. It is unfortunately hung too low to be examined carefully, and we should not feel warranted in yilifying the work of a man whose name we have been

taught to revere, and who in memory yet lives amongst us as one that was great and noble in the glorious course he followed, and who, in private life, was so truly exemplary.

Nos. 166, and 167. *Landscape and Figures*—G. MORLAND. It was in painting homely scenes like these that Morland excelled. They will be much examined and admired, for they are scarcely second in merit to the "Post Boy's Stable."

No. 168. *Sea View; distant Vessel in Distress*—A. PRIEST. This is a very delightful picture: the effect of the approaching storm is good; the boat with its crew in the fore-ground, and the distant shadow on the sea, are equally so, and altogether we consider it a very effective piece of composition.

No. 170. *Hay-cart*—R. B. DAVIS. A very natural and pleasing representation.

No. 171. *Scene in North Wales*—F. C. LEWIS. This is a romantic sketch of a waterfall; a night scene among the woods. The lights and shadows are well managed, and produce one of the best scenes of falling water we have yet found in this gallery.

No. 173. *Evening*—W. SHAYER. This is one of the most beautiful landscapes in the gallery; it represents a rich, wild, glen of rocks and trees, and distant mountains flooded with the light of the setting sun. As an artistical composition it is very fine; the colours are laid on with a light touch; the handling is good; every tree, rock, herb, and flower, in the picture, is well finished off; and we repeat, that, as a composition, it does great credit to Mr. Shayer's talents.

No. 176. *"She never told her love"*—H. PIDDING. If any picture could turn the moroseness and bile of a critic into the milk of human kindness, it would be such a one as this. A liquorish old lady, whose roseate cheek owns to the "soft impeachment" of the glass, has left open her trunk, exhibiting a bottle of Cogniac. In this unguarded situation she is abruptly broken in upon by a wily old puritan of a lover, who discovers, to his evident horror, that her heart is as warmly attached to the cordial as he had hoped it had been to him. The expression of the old lady's countenance, and the rueful condition of her visitor are given in Mr. Pidding's quaintest manner. The moral of the picture speaks more to the purpose than all the Temperance Society tracts in existence. Criticism is disarmed by the humour of the work, and all that we have to say to Mr. Pidding is, that he has been a sad truant of late, and that if we consent to overlook his past irregularities, it must be with the understanding, that he is more punctual in his attendance in future.

No. 178. *A Welsh Peasant Girl*—OWEN. There is a pleasing attitude and character in this representation of a young rustic girl, and it is worthy of attentive examination.

No. 179. *Shakespeare*—J. BOADEN. We do not like this so well as the "Milton" in the great room; there is a bluff, glaring, tint on the countenance, and a coarseness of the whole, which but ill agree with our conceptions of the "sweet bard of Avon."

No. 181. *Fishing Boats on the Thames*—W. N. HARDWICK. We like this picture very much: there is a sunny effect on the water, which is highly natural. The whole composition has been sketched and finished very carefully, and does great credit to Mr. Hardwick.

No. 184. *Mrs. Talbot*—LELY. This portrait, though aged, is a very delightful one: the drawing is correct, the attitude of the figure easy, and the colours have been laid on with a light and gentle hand.

No. 185. *Portrait of Mr. Wright*—MORLAND. This is a profile of an old amateur of art. We prefer, however, Morland's landscapes to his portraits.

No. 186. *Portrait of Mr. Coke*—ROMNEY. There is a lightness of colouring and a careful finishing in this picture, which the artist who examines it will admire as we have.

No. 187. *Portrait of Lady Clarke*—REYNOLDS. We advise every one who visits the gallery to examine this portrait with care and attention. It is (in spite of the awful victimizing of the picture-scrubber) still a delicious and exquisitely beautiful composition. The position of the head and neck is easy, the attitude graceful, and the colouring was, we doubt not, entitled to equal praise ere the victimizer commenced his unhallowed labours. We ask every artist to examine it and judge for himself of its merits.

No. 190. *Earl St. Vincent*—SIR W. BEECHY, R. A. The society is much indebted to Sir William for his numerous contributions to its winter exhibition. This portrait is one of the best we have seen by him.

No. 192. *Tan Chet Qua, R. A. a Chinese Artist*—REYNOLDS. We can make no artistical comparison between the labours of Tan Chet Qua and those of Sir Joshua, but we may be perhaps allowed to marvel that Tan Chet Qua was an R. A. and that John Martin is not one.

No. 193. *Portrait of a Lady*—HOPNER. There is a fine feeling of art, a delicacy and transparency of touch and colouring, about this picture, that we admire greatly.

Nos. 197. *Henry Bone, Esq. R. A.*—OPIE. 198. *Murray, the Actor*—SIR G. KNELLER. 199. *E. L. Swift, Esq.*—OPIE. We need not point individual attention to each of these pictures. The names of Opie and Sir Godfrey Kneller are standard ones in art, and it would ill-become us to criticise pictures whose merits are better calculated to afford assistance and instruction to junior aspirants in art.

Nos. 201. *Robinetta*—REYNOLDS. 202. *The Studious Boy*—REYNOLDS. These are two delightful cabinet pictures. The expression of the first is that of happy and contented childhood,—a young girl feeding a robin;—that of the second, in the countenance of the boy, calm and gentle reflection: and they will both well repay an attentive examination.

No. 206. *Portrait of the late Marchioness of Lansdowne*—REYNOLDS. This portrait has, thank God, escaped the pestiferous interference of the picture-dealer, so that we can gaze upon it, and delight in marking all its characteristic beauties. It is a rich and splendid gem of art. The tone and colouring of the face are exquisite: the rich bloom on the cheek fading away into the pure, delicate paleness of the neck, and the quiet contrast of the drapery, give to the whole a richness and glow which all who see will, and must, admire. We strongly recommend to all who delight in beautiful painting as we do—a patient attention to this.

Nos. 208. *Portrait of himself*, 214. *Hogarth's Servants (six heads)*—220. *Bad Company, a Scene*—HOGARTH. These pictures relatively bear all the stamp and impress of the master's genius, and the admirers of Hogarth will find much in each to interest them.

No. 209. *Lady Betty*—F. STONE. This picture is not placed well. The freshness and gaudy appearance of the colours are seen too much by the side of older compositions whose tints have been sobered down by age. The figure and countenance are pretty, and we like the whole composition, which is intended we believe for "the Gallery of the Graces."

No. 212. *Tooting Common*—NASMYTH. There is a pure and delightful feeling of nature in all Mr. Nasmyth's landscapes. He invests a wooded common, a hill-path, or a village-lane, with a richness and a charm which place them before you in a striking and vivid aspect of nature, and all this is fully exemplified in the above.

No. 215. *Youth and Age*—HOPNER. An old, grey, venerable man, with a countenance of calm seriousness and trust—a young, gay, happy and laughing maiden, with bright vermil cheek and glittering eye;—and when we say the expression and character of each are well sustained,

the richness of the colouring subdued to a quiet tone—we have said that which this picture deserves, and which will be sufficient to attract an artist's attention to it.

No. 219. *Sketch of a Lady*—REYNOLDS. We regret that this is only a sketch, as it would have made a fine figure for a picture.

No. 223. *Scene in Swansea Harbour*—J. B. PYNE. This is a beautiful little cabinet picture, and does great credit to the talents of the artist, with whom we shall meet again before we conclude our notice of the gallery.—We were happy to see it marked "sold."

Nos. 225. *Glad Tidings*—227. *Sad Tidings*—C. LANDSEER. These two pictures are unequal in merit and execution. The tidings in each picture are conveyed by letter, but, in the countenance of the first, there is no expression or feeling of gladness. There is a calmness which ill suits with the expression conveyed by the title, and the tone and colouring appeared to us to be rough and harsh. The second we like. The young girl appears bowed down with affliction. The expression and composition of the whole figure are artistical, and we admire the one as much as we dislike the other. Mr. Landseer can express grief or sorrow better than joy or gladness, but neither of these pictures is equal to his *Clarissa Harlowe*.

Nos. 226. *The Daughter of Cromwell urging him to Repentance*—232. *The Emigration of Cromwell prevented*—TRESHAM. The expression and conception of both these pictures are good. The effect may appear, at first, a little too startling, but that is forgotten when we enter more fully into the sentiment of the pictures. In each of them there is a powerful and energetic expression to be conveyed to the mind of a man who was frequently as powerful as he was reckless. The artist had to embody much of these feelings in his pictures; and we must say that he has succeeded to a great extent. The colouring is here and there somewhat smeary and the lights and shadows do not always contrast startlingly enough; but these minor points are overlooked in the general excellence of each picture.

No. 228. *The Witch*—HALLS.  
 "But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
 And like a rat without a tail,  
 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do."

*Macbeth*, Act 1. Scene 3.

One would have sworn this picture to Fuseli. We met with an old engraving of it some months back, but were unable to learn the name of the artist from whose picture it was taken.



No. 235. *Darkness*—A. J. WOOLMER.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream.

The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars

Did wander darkling in the eternal space,

Rayless and pathless;

And men did live by watchfires, and the thrones,

The palaces of crowned kings, the huts,

The habitations of all things that dwell,

Were burnt for beacons—cities were consumed.

• • • • • Men

Died, and their bones were tombless, as their flesh;

The meagre by the meagre were devoured;

Ev'n dogs assailed their masters—all, save one,

And he was faithful to a corse, and kept

The birds and beasts and savage men at bay."

BYRON.

It has always been, and is now, our opinion, that in the poems of Lord Byron there are many wild and mystic passages (such as the above) which painting cannot illustrate. In these lines on darkness, the poet has left much to the imagination of the reader; but, in the picture, we have the palpable scene before us. The painter has imagined a distant city in a blaze. The fore-ground is of a dark greenish hue, save where the distant flame throws light upon some deathly corpse. The work is hung in accordance with its title, for, as a friend who was with us remarked, it was a difficult matter to see it in a good light.

No. 236. *Landscape, a Sketch*—J. CONSTABLE, R. A. We hope the artist will be induced to use this sketch in some larger and more finished picture. There is a fine breadth of colouring and effect in many parts of it, which would tell well if introduced into a more elaborate composition.

No. 240. *Apple Stealers*—MORLAND. A picture that combines many of the excellencies of the artist's style.

No. 241. *Fishermen going out to their Boats*—J. TENNANT. There is a fine sunny hue thrown over this picture. The water is calm and transparent, and there is some good drawing and colouring in the fore-ground. Mr. Tennant is improving greatly in his pictures.

No. 243. *Christ restoring the blind*—DE LOUTHERBOURG. This is a fine picture as a whole,—but we noticed more particularly the fine artistical grouping of the figures in the fore-ground. The drawing and attitude of each is beautifully simple and correct, as is also the anatomical disposition of the limbs, and the fine display of muscular

action which the artist has thrown into them. The colouring and effect of the composition are good, and it is, in our opinion, the finest specimen of De Loutherbourg's in the gallery.

No. 248. *Landscape and Figures washing at a Pool*—GAINSBOROUGH. This is the smallest picture of Gainsborough's in the rooms, and it is a delicious bit of art. The colours are as fresh and vivid as though they had been only laid on yesterday.

No. 249. *Sketch of a Gentleman*—REYNOLDS. The attitude of this sketch is finely conceived, and the drawing is as correct as in most of Sir Joshua's pictures.

No. 251. "*Stranger*," Act 5. Scene 2.—252. "*Lover's Vows*," Act 5. Scene 2.—HOWARD. Two small sketches, the only ones, we are sorry to say, Mr. Howard has forwarded to the gallery. The figures are well disposed, and the attitudes and drawing accurate.

No. 254. *Coast Scene, Normandy*—J. WILSON. This picture is a very pleasing one:—there is a sunny hue thrown over the whole which we admire much. The figures in the fore-ground are very good, and the distant sea, clouds, and sky, rendered with great effect.

No. 256. *Portrait of a Horse*—R. B. DAVIS. We need not, as we think we have before observed, attempt to criticise upon the merit and talent of this artist as an animal painter: he is in our opinion the first in his own branch of art, and this "portrait" fully confirms it.

No. 259. *Cottage Scene near Totness*—A. VICKERS. A delightful little picture painted with a true feeling for art.

No. 261. *Study from a Child*—SIR W. BEECHY, R.A. A very beautiful and graceful composition.

No. 264. *Children*—MATTHEW BROWN. Playful and buoyant as youth itself: the attitude is easy, unconstrained, and free, and the high flesh tints of the limbs are well executed.

In going through this room, we have not failed to notice the excellent specimens of art it contains from those great men who are "gone before us," and who, to the aspiring artist, form "the best possible instructors" he can have in the course of his career. The names of Reynolds, Lely, Morland, Romney, Hopner, Opie, Sir G. Kneller, Hogarth, and Owen, whose works we have noticed amply, will answer for the correctness of our remarks on this subject.

No. 268. *The Ruins of Messrs. Barolay and Perkins' Brewhouse*—H. HUNT. This picture conveys to the spectator a very good representation of the scene. The drawing and colouring are done with much spirit.

No. 271. *Interesting News*—H. P. PARKER. There is much homely

truth in the expression of this picture,—the dropped pipe, the awakening smile in the countenance, and the listening attitude, tell the whole tale of "Interesting News" very well; nor is the figure of the fair reader the less to be admired; her graceful figure and earnest countenance contrast well with the pleasant, half-jocund, figure of the veteran.

No. 272. *Mother's Coming*—D. PASSMORE, JUN. We cannot quite admire either the drawing, colouring or composition of this picture: a little more care in these essential points of a good painting will, we are sure, be observable when next we meet with the name of this artist.

No. 273. *Hammermith Bridge*—J. W. ALLEN. A very good and correct representation of this structure.

No. 276. *A Madonna at Subiaco*—W. F. AYRTON. There is no freshness of tone and colouring about this picture which we like: the perspective is well managed, and the harmony of the whole composition good.

No. 280. *Dutch Boats on the Scheldt*—TOWN. A very spirited piece of composition: the varying lights and shadows on the water; the distant line; the banks of the river, and the boats and figures in the fore-ground, give to the whole picture a characteristic and pleasing effect.

No. 281. *Study from Nature in Hyde Park*—MISS A. G. NASMYTH. A very well sketched composition. There is a great deal of freedom in the touch, the handling is good and every part appears well finished. We admire the picture very much.

No. 282. *The Red Colt of the Common*—C. HANCOCK. The Colt is but a secondary object in the work: the haunches of the dam are alone conspicuous. We believe all who examine this picture will agree with us in opinion. The drawing and colouring are generally correct.

No. 285. *Crab-trap on the sands near Colais*—J. B. PRYCE. The finest picture by this artist in the gallery: it has a delicious sunny effect, and a fine perspective of distance which reminds us of Turner; the smooth tide of the low sea, and the high up-piled clouds over a red sun-set, are fine touches of art, and in this opinion we do not stand alone; the composition has commanded admiration from all who have seen it.

Nos. 287. *View on the Sussex Coast*—382. *Fish Market*—W. SHAYER. These are two companion pictures of coast scenery: the grouping of the figures is very good, the colouring fresh and vivid, and the artist has caught the true spirit of the scenes he has depicted.

we think indeed he has been more successful in his coast scenery than in his picture of "Evening" which we have noticed.

No. 291. *Landscape*—J. HOLLAND. A very sweet little bit of composition: the tints of the foliage are very delicately touched in, and the gleam of sun-shine seen through them in the distance is a beautiful bit of sketching. The trees are finely relieved by the blue sky in the distance.

Nos. 294. *Portrait of the celebrated Deer Ripley (at rest)*—334. *Portrait of the same in Windsor Forest*—R. B. DAVIS. There is not a finer subject for an artist's pencil than "a red-brown deer" whether at rest or in chase. Mr. Davis has painted one in both situations. We prefer the latter:—there is a freedom in the animal's bound over the heath which the artist has happily caught, and of which he has made a very fine picture.

No. 297. *Scene on the Medway*—A. PRIEST. This picture, though not a very attractive one, has yet some meritorious points about it—the effect of the sun-gleam against the dark cloud, gives a fine effect to the whole, and relieves much of the coldness of the colouring.

No. 300. *A Reminiscence*—W. FISK. We should be inclined to object to the stiffness of this figure, but the drapery takes off somewhat from it, and is well arranged.

No. 301. *A Greenwich Pensioner*—W. FISK. A very good and faithful portraiture of a hardy veteran.

No. 305. *A Sketch*—T. WEBSTER. There is a stiffness in the drawing, and a coldness in the colouring of this picture, which deteriorate much from its general merit, of which we should otherwise be inclined to speak favourably.

No. 306. *Hamlet, King, Queen, Laertes, Ophelia, &c.*—WEST. This is a fine and effective picture: the countenance, attitude, and mad despair of the maniac girl are spiritedly portrayed: the whole composition, indeed, is rich in all that is noble and beautiful in art.

No. 307. *Contemplating the Times*—W. KIDD. There is no stirring up sufficient bile in one's composition to criticise such pictures as this: the twist of the gentleman's nose, and the turn of his eye, defy us: we must therefore bow to Mr. Kidd and own he has produced a good and clever picture.

No. 309. *Italian Boy and Monkey*—S. A. HART. Although differing from many of Mr. Hart's previous productions, both in composition and style, we cannot but give our approbation to this picture.

No. 311. *View near Norwood*—Miss A. G. NASMYTH. There is a pleasing and picturesque effect in these old knolled trees which we

much like : the colouring and tints are light, clear, and vivid, and the picture reflects credit on the talents of the artist.

No. 316. *Fête Champêtre*—R. T. BONE. A graceful and spirited little piece of composition.

No. 318. *A Welsh Country-woman*—J. BOADEN. This is as attractive a picture as any in this room—the figure is graceful—the flesh tints are clear, and the drapery is very well arranged.

No. 319. *View on the River Lynn*—J. B. PYNE. This picture is sketched very naturally and easily—the drawing is very free, and the colours are clear and sparkling—there is a closer adherence to nature in the present, than in the last one which we noticed by this artist.

No. 322. *Lynn Gwynant, North Wales*—T. CREDWICK. This is a very beautiful picture in many respects, but the perspective appears to us to be somewhat faulty, a circumstance which greatly diminishes the beautiful effect which the composition would otherwise have.

No. 326. *Cows*—J. TENNANT. A very correct picture in all its details, and one which affords a meritorious specimen of this artist's talents.

No. 327. *Schevelin Fishing Boats*—J. WILSON. A spirited composition : the sea view is very good, the tints in the distance, which are cold gray, becoming warmer towards the fore-ground—the grouping of the boats, and the lights and shadows on the water, are so many points of art which may be noticed with approval.

No. 329. *Cattle, &c.*—T. S. COOPER. We took occasion in our last number to notice one of the pictures by this artist—and we may here repeat the commendatory remarks we then made—there is a bold vigour of touch and a fine handling of the brush, both in the general composition and colouring of the picture, which we greatly admire and which reminds us of Potter ;—we hope to meet with the artist again in the Spring Exhibition of this Society.

No. 340. *Lucy Ashton at the Mermaid's Well*—Miss F. CORBEAUX. Here is much grace and delicacy : and the composition is a pleasing one and does much credit to the fair artist.

No. 343. *The Enchantment of Rodmond*—FUSELI. This, to our mind, is the finest specimen of the master in the gallery :—the figure of Rodmond is calm, still, and motionless as death ; but the female figure beside him is the very beau-ideal of grace and extremely beautiful, contrasting well with the grim wizard's ghastly smile before her. We use the expressive words of one of the first artists

of the day, when we pronounce this picture to be "exceedingly fine in all its details."

Our space will not admit of our particularizing in regular, detailed order the different pictures in the water-colour room—we shall notice them generally, pointing out those more especially which may call for or deserve more lengthened notice.

There are five spirited Landscapes by GAINSBOROUGH.—Nos. 360, 351.—365.—398.—471. Two Drawings by HARLOW. 356.—367. "A beautiful cabinet picture." 366. *The Duenna* by J. M. MOORE. "Two spirited landscape drawings," 375—394. by TURNER, and a fine "study in black and white chalk, the size of life, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of his own head, being a study for the expression of one of the figures at the back of Mrs. Siddons' chair."

No. 404. *View from the Windcliff, Monmouthshire*, by PENRY WILLIAMS.

No. 425. *Street-Scene in Rouen*—T. S. CAFE. To those who have visited foreign shores,—who have taken a critical survey of celebrated sites and cities, and dwelt with satisfaction on their characteristic beauties,—the old cathedral, the ruined palace, the romantic bridge, and such other picturesque and interesting edifices, as are usually to be met with in towns of superior antiquity,—we can imagine no greater treat than to have those various objects recalled to their memory by a faithful and well-executed transcript of the same on paper or canvass. Water-colour is admirably adapted to the purposes of a portrayer of street scenery. Brick and mortar, wood and stone, are all represented through that medium with surprising facility, and, in the hands of one who well understands the use of it, with a fidelity also that may vie even with oils. Of the realities of the Norman capital in particular, we cannot boast so intimate a knowledge as we could perhaps desire, for if our travelled authorities,—our authors and our artists, are to be relied on, it must be one of the most delightful places to sojourn at for a season in all France.

In the delineation of the cathedral in the distance; the bridge, the showy *boutiques*, and the groups of idlers and promenaders occupying the fore-ground and middle distance, Mr. Cafe has acquitted himself much to our taste: his perspective will be found critically true, and the effect of the *ensemble* is so pleasing—so like to what it purports to be, that, without professing to have viewed the identical spot *oculis nostris*, we will be pledged by those precious organs for its local accuracy. Considered abstractedly as a work of art, that is to say, with-



out specific reference to its original in nature, we are of opinion that it may challenge a comparison with some of much higher pretensions, and this we state with the less scruple, because, although a little, unobtrusive, picture, it is not hung up as high as Haman of old, nor down on the floor, but on the line, where it may be fairly examined. Mr. Cafe sometimes exhibits oil-paintings—paintings of much promise too—but we would beg leave, without wishing to be thought over officious, to suggest to him the wisdom of limiting his practice to the use of one material only. Whether that material be oil, or water-colour, is perhaps unimportant; yet, judging from the specimen under consideration, we certainly incline to the belief that the latter is his *forte*. By aspiring to excellence in both, and the consequent diminution of that attention which, to carry it to a very high point of perfection, is indispensable to each, it is to be apprehended that many an artist who had held out a promise of eminence in his original pursuit, has, from such a mistaken policy and the injustice thus done to himself, been found to disappoint the reasonable expectations entertained of him by his friends. When Mr. Cafe meditates another professional excursion, we wish he would book himself for Cornwall, where we will ensure him a mine well worth the working. St. Germans, Lostwithiel, Probus, St. Austle's, and other old fashioned towns in that county, abound in matter precisely suited to the genius of his pencil.

No. 441. *A Grape Gleaner*—T. UWINS, and two drawings 431, 459, by LAWRENCE—Mr. Bone's Enamel Portraits are well deserving attentive examination—they are beautiful specimens of a peculiar style of art—are finished with the utmost care and accuracy—and the nearer they are examined the more perfect do their beauties appear.

We have thus closed our notice of the second Winter Exhibition of the Gallery of this Society—and in doing so we would beg attention to the meritorious exertions which have been made by its members in collecting, as well as in selecting, the works exhibited—and these become the more enhanced still, in our estimation, when we reflect upon the praiseworthy motives which have actuated them, in opening their gallery at this period of the year to the public: they have had three great ends in view, namely —

To bring before the public those great works in painting by the fathers of art, which may be looked upon as models of excellence in each in his peculiar style—

To unite with these the works of living modern artists, that fair

candid and impartial judgment might be passed on such as had manifested those peculiar excellencies which surely lead to great and deserved eminence, and

To throw open to every known artist a school of painting in which he may gather instruction and improvement to aid him in ascending that high steep, whence

"Fame's proud temple shines afar."

These have been the just and honourable motives actuating the members of this Society: we would not vilify them with faint praise of ours, for truly "they have their reward"—and we shall look forward with some impatience to our meeting at the ensuing Spring Exhibition for 1834.

*Finden's Landscape Illustrations to Mr. Murray's first complete and uniform edition of the Life and Works of Lord Byron. Part XIX.*  
London; Murray, Tilt, 1833.

THE contents of this part are "Rome"—"Ponte Rotti" drawn by J. D. Harding. "The Rialto," by S. Sprout. "Madrid," "The Leaning Tower of Saragoza," by J. Lewis, and "The Portrait of Robert Southey, L.L.D." by T. Phillips, R. A. from the original picture in the possession of Mr. Murray. All the engravings are executed by E. Finden, and display his extraordinary merits and varieties of style. The warmth of the Roman sky, the ruins of the bridge, the groups on the rugged shore, and the placid appearance of the water are all richly and delightfully blended. The mind which is susceptible of pure emotions dwells on the contrast which the modern scene presents from the ideal picture which Rome, in the zenith of her glory, paints to his imagination. To observe the fragments typical of former greatness—columns levelled with the dust—and an air of idle, desolate wandering, or of ignoble employment, in the inhabitants of a place which was once the mistress of the world, tends to raise mournful contemplations, to impress upon the mind a consciousness of the mutability of all human affairs; and the artist who can awaken such reflections, has achieved, what should ever be considered a very desirable effort of art, the inspiration of true and genuine sentiment into the hearts of those who are capable of appreciating his merits.

"The Rialto" is a gay and bustling scene. The busy waters are studded with gondolas and various traffic boats; and the gorgeous architecture of the "city of the seas," and its most distinguished

ornament, the subject of the picture, are all finely displayed; whilst the sky with its long gleams of light casts a beautiful reflection on the whole picture. Madrid is particularly picturesque. The indolent character of its inhabitants and their blind superstition are manifested by two groups; one composed of passengers and mules, and the other of females seated at a well. They are both listlessly whiling away the hours in sauntering through somewhat dignified attitudes; but appear to be suddenly awakened from a reverie at beholding the rude figure of a cross in the fore-ground. The flowers and foliage near the well are so blooming and beautiful that one can almost imagine he is beholding real nature and imbibing their fragrance. "The Learning Tower of Saragoza" is a rich specimen of architecture; highly ornamented, and conveying an accurate idea of the style which prevailed during the period of its erection.

We have also received the appendix to the 2nd volume of Finden's Illustrations of Lord Byron's Life and Works, with a beautiful frontispiece and vignette title by Stanfield. The information conveyed in these illustrations is peculiarly useful to those readers, who have not time to wade through volumes on the subject. The account of Venice is short and well selected: In allusion to the picture, drawn by Harding, from a sketch by Lady Scott, it is stated that the scene represented in the engraving is rather of Venice in its glory, than in this its day of degradation: these gondolas and gaities are of other times; now melancholy pervades the city and marks it for her own:

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more;  
And silent rows the songless gondolier;  
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
And music meets not always now the ear:  
Those days are gone."

The account of the acquaintance of Lord Byron with Percy Bysshe Shelley, and the melancholy fate of the latter, is beautifully, though mournfully, told.

"The acquaintance of Lord Byron with Percy Bysshe Shelley commenced at the Hôtel Sécheron, near Geneva, where Lord Byron put up for a short time whilst he sought a compagna, which he obtained, at Diadati. Mr. and Mrs. Shelley were at Sécheron when Lord Byron arrived. Shelley had previously sent a presentation copy of his "Queen Mab" to Lord Byron, who expressed warm admiration of the opening lines of that poem.

The acquaintance, begun here, speedily ripened into intimacy: the

mutual admiration of each other's talents was its foundation, and some common sources of enjoyment, especially in boating upon the lake, made their friendship a source of pleasure and gratification to both.

"Soon after Lord Byron had taken possession of Diadati, Mr. Shelley took a cottage within ten minutes' walk of his friend's residence; and they were consequently very much associated during their residence in the neighbourhood of Geneva. It was during one of the boating excursions towards the latter end of June 1816, that Byron and Shelley encountered the storm, off the rocks of Meillerie, which Byron thus describes: 'He was once with me in a gale of wind, in a small boat, right under the rocks between Meillerie and St. Gingo. We were five in the boat—a servant, two boatmen, and ourselves. The sail was mismanaged, and the boat was filling fast. He could not swim. I stripped off my coat, made him strip off his; and took hold of an oar, telling him that I thought (being myself an expert swimmer) I could save him, if he would not struggle when I took hold of him, unless we got smashed against the rocks, which were high and sharp, with an awkward surf on them at that minute. We were then about a hundred yards from shore, and the boat was in peril. He answered me with the greatest coolness, that he had no notion of being saved; and that I would have enough to do to save myself, and begged not to trouble me! Luckily the boat righted, and hailing, we got round a point into St. Gingo, where the inhabitants came down and embraced the boatmen on their escape; the wind having been high enough to tear up some huge trees from the Alps above us, as we saw next day.'

"Lord Byron was visited during his residence at Venice, in 1818, by Shelley, who used to say of him, that all he observed of the workings of Byron's mind during his visit gave him a far higher idea of its powers than he had ever before entertained. It was then he took Byron for his model in sketching the character of Count Maddalo, in 'Julia and Maddalo.' Again, in 1821, Mr. Shelley, whose residence was then at Pisa, visited his Lordship, at his earnest request, at Ravenna, when Shelley induced his noble friend to determine upon residing at Tuscany. The Countess Guiccioli had written to Shelley, entreating him that he would not leave him until he had settled him at Pisa; but, says Shelley, 'I have the greatest trouble to get away; and Lord Byron, as a reason for my stay, has urged, that without either me or the Guiccioli (she had fled to Florence from an attempt to entrap her into a convent), he will certainly fall into his old habits.

I then talk, and he listens to reason; and I earnestly hope that he is too well aware of the terrible and degrading consequences of his former life, to be in danger from the short interval of temptation that will be left him.'

"At Pisa, Lord Byron saw more than usual of society. Count Gamba, Shelley, Captain Williams, Trelawney, and others.—This Captain Williams was the unfortunate companion of Shelley in that excursion which cost them both their lives. The following is a sketch of their melancholy tale:

"Mr. Shelley had taken a house at Villa Magni, near Lerici, in the Gulf of Spezzia; he left it on the 30th of June, 1822, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Williams (formerly of the 8th dragoons), and reached Leghorn that evening. On Monday, 8th July, they left Leghorn to return to Mr. Shelley's villa, but never reached their destination; their boat foundered in a storm; and it was only after more than a week of dreadful suspense, that the worst fears of his friends were confirmed,—their bodies were thrown from the sea on the Tuscan shore, near Via Reggio. In order to remove them more effectually, and to avoid the quarantine objections of the Tuscan government, the bodies were burnt and the ashes collected; those of Mr. Williams were sent to England, and the remains of poor Shelley were ultimately deposited in the English burial ground at Rome, where they were attended to their final abode by some of the most respectable English residents there. He had spent the week before he left Leghorn at Pisa, where he had gone to meet and settle Leigh Hunt. Mrs. Shelley thus wrote of his fatal adventure in her preface to his posthumous works:

"He spent a week at Pisa, employed in kind offices towards his friends, and enjoying with keen delight the renewal of their intercourse. He then embarked with Mr. Williams, the chosen and beloved sharer of his pleasures and of his fate, to return to us. We waited for them in vain; the sea, by its restless moaning, seemed to desire to inform us of what we would not learn,—but a veil may well be drawn over such misery. The real anguish of these moments transcended all the fictions that the most glowing imagination ever portrayed: our seclusion, the savage nature of the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, and an immediate vicinity to the troubled sea—combined to imbue with strange horror our days of uncertainty.

"The truth was at last known,—a truth that made our loved and lovely Italy appear a tomb, its sky a pall. Every heart echoed the deep lament; and my only consolation was in the praise and earnest

love that each voice bestowed, and each countenance demonstrated, for him we had lost—not, I fondly hope, for ever. His unearthly and elevated nature is a pledge of the continuation of his being, although in an altered form. Rome received his ashes; they are deposited beneath its weed-grown wall; and 'the world's sole monument is enriched by his remains.'"

*Picturesque View of the finest Cathedrals, Churches, and Monuments of Gothic Architecture, situated on the Banks of the Rhine, &c.* Designed by L. LANGE, architect. Lithographed by M. BORN and other artists, at Munich. London. A. Schloss. 1833.

WE have inspected these views with pleasure. Germany contains many rich specimens of architecture, of which the above publication furnishes abundant proof. That the study of architecture has a tendency to improve the mind, and to inspire sentiments of a pure and elevated character, cannot be doubted by that portion of the public possessing claims to taste and feelings of a generous nature. The claims of the artists are well explained in the remarks at the introduction of the work.

A view near Frankfort "The Cathedral of Mayence;" "A Gothic House (1464) at Frankfort;" "Church of the Templars at Bacharach, upon the Rhine;" "The Cathedral of Andernach;" "The Cathedral at Bonne;" "The Hôtel de Ville at Cologne;" and "The Tower of Andernach upon the Rhine,"—comprise the present publication. All are executed in excellent style, some of them are rich specimens of architectural remains, to which English eyes have not been much accustomed.

*Lectures on the History and Principles of Painting.* By THOMAS PHILLIPS, R. A.

WE have received this volume at too late a period of the month to do that full and ample justice, which, we doubt not, its contents will be entitled to when our leisure will allow us to examine them more in detail—a task which we shall perform in our next number. The volume includes ten lectures, the first four of which are devoted to the History of Painting, the remaining six are on Invention in Painting, on Design, on Composition in Painting, on Colouring, on Chiaro-oscuro, and on the Application of the Principles of Painting. A



contemporary (*The Spectator*) has remarked, perhaps with some degree of truth, that the soul of art—expression—has not been noticed by Mr. Phillips in his book.

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*Seventeen Illustrations to the Keepsake for 1834. Moon, Boys, & Graves.*

THESE proof engravings are executed in a style of surpassing beauty, and display an elegance of taste in the graphic art, which none but artists of the highest merit can aspire to. The subjects are "Mary," painted by W. Boxall, engraved by C. Heath; "The two Barons," drawn by G. Cattermole, engraved by C. Heath; "The Palace La Belle Gabrielle," on the Seine, drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R. A., engraved by W. Miller; "Sappho," drawn by H. Howard, R. A., engraved by E. Engleheart; "The Storm," drawn by C. Stanfield, R. A., engraved by J. Cousin; "Bertha," painted by H. Briggs, R. A., engraved by F. Bacon; "Love is the best Physician," painted by Desbouches, engraved by J. Goodyear; "The Widowed Bride," painted by Eliza Sharpe, engraved by J. C. Edwards; "The Proposal," painted by E. T. Parris, engraved by C. Heath; "First Affections," by the same artists; "Millicent," painted by G. S. Newton, R. A., engraved by C. Heath; "The Merchant and his Daughter," drawn by ——— Nash, engraved by G. Rolls; "Amalie," painted by B. R. Faulconer, engraved by C. Heath; "Havre," drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R. A., engraved by R. Wallis; and "Beatrice," painted by Miss F. Corbeaux, engraved by J. Goodyear.

Where so many excellencies prevail, it is difficult to select any particular plate for a preference. The principal, if not the only difference, in these engravings, appears to arise from the nature of the subjects, which will, in particular instances, delight print collectors according to their various tastes, and we have little doubt that they will please all persons who admire the arts. The countenance of Beatrice is highly expressive. Havre displays a fine chiaro-oscuro. Amalie is marked by an almost unmeaning modesty. "The Merchant and his daughter" is a rich scene, displaying a fine contrast in the countenances of the two. "First Affections" and "the Proposal" vie with each other in grace and elegance, and "the Widowed Bride" is a fine specimen of genuine love. We had almost forgotten to speak of the Frontispiece, painted by Stothard, ornamented by Corbould, and engraved by S. Mitton which is a very splendid impression.

*Twenty-one Illustrations to the Picturesque Annual for 1834, from Drawings by C. STANFIELD, Esq. Moon, Boys and Co.*

The Water Mill at En is a fine rural, quiet, scene, and is engraved by R. WALLIS in a highly creditable manner. En is a splendid specimen of well selected objects and clear perspective. Mont St. Michel from the N. W. is accurately engraved by the same artist. View near Havre, engraved by J. Cousin, though not so pretty as some other marine views in the selection, contains several delightful objects, of which the ship under crowded canvass in the distance is not the least attractive. Abbeville is quite a morceau: the subject is well chosen and the performance is exquisite: the engraving is in Wallis's best style. Fricamp, engraved by Cousins is a good marine view. Mr. J. Cousins has executed this engraving with exquisite taste. Sea view of St. Malo, engraved by S. Fisher. The harbour of St Malo, engraved by W. Floyd. St. Malo, engraved by J. B. Allen, and the Ramparts of St. Malo, engraved by R. Wallis, are finely executed. Caen, by R. Broadard, and the Chateau of Dieppe by J. Lewis, are beautiful engravings. Those natural phenomena, the Rocks of Ehitah, by R. Broadard, display uncommon powers in the graphic art: the difficulty of the subject is well overcome without any stiffness to detract from nature. Dieppe always looks pretty, but the engraving by W. Miller is the most beautiful representation of it we have ever seen. Calais, by J. P. Willmore, is not so happy a specimen of artistical skill. Mont St. Michel within the vale, engraved by W. Miller, is beautifully executed. Harfleur is well engraved: but we cannot do justice to the distant view of St. Michel, by R. Wallis, which is indeed highly picturesque. Friport, engraved by J. T. Willmore, and the distant view of St. Michel by T. Jeacons are both of them charming pieces.

*The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir.* Edited by MRS. ALARIC WATTS. London: Longman and Co. 1834.

THE appearance of this little volume is quite an epoch to our juvenile friends, and November would be as barren of charms to the rising generation, if uncheered by the publication of Mrs. Watts' Annual; as it would be to the turtle-lovers of the city, were Lord Mayor's Day struck "with its golden letters from the calendar." In the present day, when works for the amusement and instruction of youth are poured from the shop of every bookseller in London thick "as the leaves of the forest when Autumn has blown," a volume must be pre-eminent in-

deed to attract much notice to its contents. Mrs. Watts has succeeded *dans le genre* in obtaining this distinction, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing her Annual the very best of its class we have ever seen.

In the present volume there are some delightful tales, all divested of the marvellous, and all calculated to imprint some moral lesson. "The Huguenot Exiles" is an affecting story, and will be read with profit by the fortunate children into whose hands it may fall. Much of the Poetry is very sweet and simple, and none overstrained or obscure.

The amiable Editress of the Juvenile Souvenir is enthroned in the hearts of her grateful admirers, as almost the only lady of the present age, who, with talents which would place her among the very highest of modern daughters of Apollo, has condescended to employ those talents for the benefit of those who will form the "reading public" a few years hence. She has laboured to instil into their minds a sense of what is pure and excellent, and the success of those endeavours will produce a style of thought far different from the mawkish and puerile taste now so prevalent. May she have her reward in seeing the accomplishment of her wishes.

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RETSCH'S OUTLINES TO SHAKSPEARE, *Second Series*:—MACBETH.

WERE we to say that this series is equal to that illustrating Hamlet, or that Retsch has here fully realized our expectations, by most successfully translating this second drama into the language of another art, we should express ourselves too strongly. Still we are far from thinking so unfavourably of it, as the reviewer in the last number of the Foreign Quarterly, who will have it to be a failure. Undoubtedly it is less satisfactory than his Hamlet;—if for no other reason, because the costume appears less correct, and to partake quite as much of Germany as of Scotland. There is also a vein of German feeling pervading the subjects, not likely to be exactly relished by an English public, in the present instance. The Witches with their cats' beards, for example, will hardly be thought those of Shakspeare; and in several other respects previous impressions must be dismissed from our minds before we can properly feel those the artist has aimed at conveying. Judging from ourselves, we should say that neither Macbeth nor his consort answer to the pre-conceived images likely to have been formed of them. The expression on the countenance of the latter when she receives Duncan at the castle gate has rather too much cunning in it, and it is more forcibly marked than the occasion altogether demands. Neither has the artist been particularly happy

in his representation of Macbeth himself, in the murder and banquet scenes. In other respects these are well conceived, and the manner in which Lady Macbeth is introduced in the first of them, listening in another apartment in the back-ground, so as not to be an actual witness of the atrocious deed, while she stands there as the directing agent of it, is entitled to much praise. So likewise is the figure of Duncan in the banquet scene,—spectral enough, without that extravagance we see in Macbeth himself. A larger assortment and a greater number of guests might, we think, have been indicated, without making the figures smaller or introducing more of them. Some licence is, of course, allowable in subjects of this nature; but the company are here seated at what is little larger than a card table.—One of the plates—we do not mean on the table, but in the work—that has best pleased us, is that showing Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep. The action and expression of the figure are admirable; nor is the manner in which her attendant and physician are here seen watching her, as she passes along, much less so.

One thing which Retsch has not so well attended to here, as he generally does, is preserving the personal identity of the characters, in the different scenes. The Lady Macbeth of the banquet scene bears little resemblance to the one first shown, or to the figure walking in her sleep. In spite, however, of this defect, and of other objections that might be made, these compositions are in many respects very fine; and we are persuaded that if some little disappointment may be felt upon first turning them over, a more studied examination cannot fail to tend to the discovery of numerous beauties and extraordinary merits.

### Obituary.

IN various obituaries during the last month has been mentioned the death, by apoplexy, of Robert Raymond Stewart, Esq. at his house in Sloane Street, Chelsea. We knew him well, and are confident that if nobleness of mind, combined with the highest sense of honourable feeling, be worthy of record, we need fear no censure from this tribute to his memory. As a public servant, Mr. Stewart will be long remembered by the naval portion of the community, having discharged his duty in the Navy Office for many years with equal credit to himself and advantage to the service in general. In private life his conduct was equally estimable, for to him the plea of charity was never made in vain, nor could the weakness or the vices of mankind, whose baneful effect warps many a kindly bosom, ever deter him from pursuing a path only known to the disinterested and the generous. Robert Stewart was indeed an estimable man, and has carried with him to the grave the kindest feeling, and the purest sympathy of many a grateful heart. His career through life has been unexpectedly brief, but all will remember how greatly it has been serviceable; and though he has passed from among us and the place of his dwelling shall know him again no more for ever, yet shall his memory flourish with us, and we will rejoice in the hope that he has left a place of anxiety and trouble for one of infinite happiness and everlasting repose.

CHIT CHAT.—ARTISTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE SKETCHER.** *A Sea Piece.*—Now then, take your pallet in hand, and sketch in boldly a subject where the sea shall be subservient to the sky; take plenty of colour and no small brush. Let it be mid ocean, a thousand miles at least from land on every side,—colour, a dark green, inclining to blue, and occasionally falling into the purple, with sweeps of black shadow across, running into the deep hollows of the waves; and let the waves be edged with a cold blue tint, and not curled, transparent and of a depth unfathomable. To account for these shadows and colours, you will first have dashed in some masses in your sky; you will now give them more shape. The time is evening—towards the “close of parting day,” and approach of night. There must be large and gathering masses of clouds, a red and lurid light much pervading them. Towards the horizon, break the masses of the clouds, and make an opening for the distant light of the setting sun in lurid streaks, and one line of deep red; let cold, gray, mountain-shaped clouds rise up and be the boundary behind which this lurid light shall be spread. On the right, let the clouds drop heavy and almost black upon the purple line of the sea. Upon the swell of a huge wave, there is dimly seen an object—it is a poor wretch upon a part of a wreck, part of a mast and plank; he is with his head between his knees and beside him a dog crouching by him and looking up at him. *Blackwood*.—(We opine the author of this sketch had a strong sunset painted by Danby before him.)

**SKY SKETCHING.**—We are often deceived in the skies of fine pictures; seeing them perfectly unite with, and so perfectly agree with, the landscape, that we fancy them to be, in the common acceptation of the word natural, whereas, if they were, they would be discordant. The skies of Titian appear natural, but they are not such as were ever seen. The sky in the magnificent picture of St. Peter Martyr might be said to be one of the most natural skies of the painter. But it is not so; it is very artificially composed and coloured; it is quite of a piece with that great work; and is conceived with a grandeur and dignity fit for the passage of angels. We hear continually of the extreme beauty of Italian skies, by which we are to understand that they are of a deep clear blue and cloudless. But this is not the fact, and it would be a great defect if they were. The great masters knew this, and the cloudless sky of Italy is not to be found in their works—nor luckily, in nature. Even Claude, whose skies are so beautiful, never trusts one to the eye without a cloud; he would have introduced them, if on no other account, to help the perspective—and it is worthy of remark, that his skies are of a much lower tone than nature exhibits them. There is a key in the picture to which the sky must be in tone; a person not aware of this will be surprised if he place a bit of white paper against one of Claude's skies—and, if I be not much mistaken, he will be as much surprised at the colour, as at the tone. And the same may be observed, though to a greater extent, of Gaspar Poussin. And would the sketcher know what forms or combinations of them best express motion, he will study the clouds of that great master.—*Ibid.*

Our readers will remember the glaring difference of effect in the Venetian skies painted by Stanfield and Turner in the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy.—Stanfield's skies were the colour of starch.—Turner's on the contrary were of a deep, clear, delicious blue.

**NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**—The two new associates of the Royal Academy are John Gibson, a young sculptor of great promise, now in Rome; and Thomas Uwins a painter who has visited Rome and exhibited some pictures of merit. Gibson as a sculptor is highly deserving the honour, but there are many painters much more deserving of the palm than Uwins.—*Spectator*.

There is an ill-natured sneer at Mr. Uwins in the above paragraph—which is quite unworthy of a Journalist who professes to uphold the honour and dignity of art. There may be many artists who are equally deserving of the honour as Mr. Uwins—yet that does not in any degree invalidate the choice made by the Royal Academy.

**AXIOMS ON ART AND ARTISTS.**—The greatest artists have always been the best patronized throughout the world.—

Genius is not a passive quality, and cannot be obstructed by any thing; but it may be tortured in its exercise. Many poets and painters have done great things in spite of poverty; but would they not have painted and written better too had they not been poor?

There never was a man who pursued portrait painting as a profession who did not become totally unfit for higher attempts.

The power of using a model poetically, to answer the character you imagined to exactly as to excite associations in the spectator of the character intended, and yet to make it look like life, without being at all like the model before you, is one of the greatest difficulties of the art. The great painters did not begin by portrait painting, but made it a portion of their practice, because they never painted poetry without a model, and therefore were able to do so, and Reynolds, with all his exquisite genius, is irrefutable evidence that portrait painting, as a business, unites the artist's mind for heroic elevation.

Reynolds could elevate what he saw—he seldom exalted what he imagined: Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse is the grandest specimen in the world—because he never lost sight of his model. His Tragic Muse, (Garriek) the offspring of his own invention, is a disgrace to the art.

No man should paint an elevated poetic character without a model—but the power of seeing what is accident and what is essence, exclusive devotion to portrait-painting in early practice will utterly destroy.

[We have taken these "axioms" from Mr. Haydon's letter in the *Times* of the 1st November—and we are convinced we shall receive the thanks of our readers for giving them a more appropriate "local habitation" than the ephemeral columns of a newspaper.]

There was only one authentic portrait of the late Mr. Robson, taken during his life time—it was by the late Mr. Smith, the keeper of the prints at the British Museum. This drawing we shall give in our next number. We have received a M. S. containing many valuable reminiscences, anecdotes and recollections of art and artists which we shall also give in our next.

The President of the Royal Academy, Sir Martin Archer Shee, is at Brighton: the king has sat several times to him, and the painting will be in the next Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Mr. J. GREEN is, we understand, engaged on a portrait of Captain Ross.

PARIS EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF LIVING ARTISTS.—A series of regulations has been made, by order of the king, respecting this Exhibition, which is henceforth to be held annually at the Louvre, from the 1st of March to the 1st of May. Works for exhibition are to be presented by the artists themselves, or by some authorized person in their names. They will be received from the 1st of January till within ten days of the opening. Works that have been already exhibited at the Louvre, sketches and copies of original pictures (except those on porcelain, enamel, or ivory, and designs intended for engraving) are inadmissible. The productions are to be submitted to a jury of members of the four first sections of the Académie des Beaux Arts; those judged admissible will not be returned till eight days after the close of the Exhibition, those rejected will be returned forthwith to the owners. *Athenæum*.

RAFAEL'S REMAINS.—The Academy of St. Luke, in Rome, has been for a century past in the habit of shewing a skull, which they pretend to be that of Raphael. The circumstance of the Academy's possessing it was explained by saying that when Carlo Maratti employed Nardini to produce a bust of the artist for the Pantheon, he had contrived to open the tomb of the great artist, and extract the skull to serve as a model for the sculptor's labours. Considerable doubts, however, were cast on the authenticity of the skull, and an authentic document, discovered about two years back, clearly proved the skull not to have belonged to Raphael, but to Don Desiderio de Adinolfo, founder of the Society of the Virtuosi of the Pantheon in 1542. This society therefore claimed the head of its founder from the academy of St. Luke, which indignantly resisted the claim, and upheld the skull in its possession to have been veritably that of Raphael. The society of Virtuosi after some delay and consideration summoned the chief members of the painting academy, to aid in a search after the tomb and remains of Raphael d'Urbino. Taking as their guide the descriptions of Vasari in his Lives of Raffaele and Lorensetto, the commission of research began by excavating under the statue of the Virgin in the Pantheon. They were soon stopped by a piece of masonry in the form of a grave which was opened in all solemnity before the chief magistrates and personages of Rome. When the surface was cleared, a coffin was found containing a skeleton covered with a slight coat of dust and rubbish formed in part by the garments and the lid of the



coffin that had mouldered. It was evident that the tomb had never been opened, and consequently that the skull possessed and shewn by the Academy of St. Luke was spurious. The first care was to gather up the dust and skeleton in order to replace them in a new Mausoleum.—Amid the mouldering fragments of the coffin, which was of pine-wood, and adorned with paintings were found a *stiletto* of iron, being a kind of spur with which Raphael had been decorated by Leo X, some buttons and *fibula*. Pieces of the argill of the Tiber shewed that the waters of the river had penetrated into the tomb. The sepulchre had nevertheless been carefully built up, the chief cause of the good state of preservation in which the skeleton had been found. On the 15th of September the skeleton was examined and found to be a male one of small dimensions, measuring five feet two inches and three lines French measure.

In the skull which has been moulded may be traced the lineaments of Raphael, as painted in his school of Athens; the neck long, the arm and breast delicate, the hollow of the right arm marked by the *apophysis*, a projection of bone caused by the incessant working with the pencil. The limbs were stout in appearance, and strange to say, the larynx was intact and still flexible. In the disposing of the remains, the will of Raphael was consulted, and his wishes again followed. They are to be replaced in a leaden coffin, and more solidly entombed in the same spot where they were found. From the 20th to the 24th of September, the remains were exposed to the Roman public, whose enthusiasm and tears may be imagined by those who know them. The 18th of October was the day of the great artist's second funeral, when the Pantheon was brilliantly illuminated.—*Ibid.*

**CITY OF LONDON ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.**—The first meeting of this *Conversazione* for the season 1833-34, took place at the London coffee-house, on Thursday evening the 21st. There was a fine display of works of art in painting and drawing. We noticed a very beautiful *Cupid and Psyche*, by Etty. Some fine figure studies, by John Wood; and some portraits of dogs and goats, by Abraham and T. S. Cooper. Inskipp had two of his olive-brown beauties; and we caught a glimpse of a fine drawing of the Ducal palace in Venice, by Bonington; but the great attraction of the evening was a portfolio of beautiful drawings, by Stanfield. We looked over them with great pleasure, and need but say that they were worthy of his great name. We shall notice the ensuing meetings of this *Conversazione*—it is one of the most flourishing meetings of art in London, and it has our best wishes for its future success and prosperity.

**ILLUSTRATED WORKS.**—We have been favoured by a private inspection of some of the engravings for the "*Pilgrims of the Rhine*." They are exceedingly rich and beautiful—have every variety of character which landscape, fancy, and fiction can give, and will assuredly rank among some of the most splendid specimens in modern art.

The forthcoming edition of "*The Pleasures of Memory*" will more than out-rival the "*Italy*." Turner is as rich as ever in all his landscapes, and Stothard's designs are some of the finest we have ever seen.

**EASTLAKE'S BYRON'S DREAM.**—We have looked over a proof impression of this engraving—the engraver (Mr. Willmore) has caught the true feeling of the painter and poet, and has transferred them with fine imagination to the *litho*. We shall notice this beautiful work of art more at length in our next number.

**NORMAN ANTIQUITIES OF SICILY.**—The Duke of Serradifalco has commissioned a young artist to execute the plates for a work he is now preparing on the Norman Antiquities of Sicily. Twenty of the engravings are completed, and represent the cathedral of Monreale and other religious structures erected during the Norman sway in the island. The same nobleman is also about to bring out another architectural work, illustrative of the antiquities of Selinuntum, and containing twenty-five plates by Cavallari. Valerio Villareale, another Sicilian artist, and a sculptor of some note, has lately completed a figure in Carrara marble, representing a *Bacchante*, who, in a frenzy produced by the "poison of misused wine," is rolling herself upon a rock, with a cup in her hand.

**TRAJAN'S COLUMN.**—A recent examination of this monument, undertaken expressly for the purpose of ascertaining whether such was the fact, has put it beyond a doubt that the stone was originally coated with paint of different colours. On the 9th of July several architects were let down from the summit by ropes, and

carefully scrutinized every part of the shaft. The result of their investigations was a confirmation of what had been conjectured by M. Semper, an architect, of Altona; and it appears that, although no traces of colour remain on the south side, there is sufficient evidence of it, in many other parts, where it forms a rather thick incrustation on the surface, of a resinous nature; rough and full of cracks. On the neck of the capital blue was distinctly visible, but the prevailing colours seem to have been a golden yellow and dark red. When they succeeded in detaching any of this coating, the hue of the surface beneath appeared of a pale green tint, or occasionally reddish. They are of opinion that the shaft itself, was either green or blue, and that the bas reliefs upon this ground were of a yellowish or golden colour, in order to render them more distinct. Traces of encaustic colouring, on many of the architectural members, have been discovered in Athenian buildings, and this column now proves, beyond dispute, that a similar mode of embellishment was sometimes adopted by the Romans.

**THE CITY IMPROVEMENTS.**—The line of the intended new street, from London Bridge to the Mansion House and the Bank, now displays itself very effectively, having opened a vista at the extremity of which the Monument makes a conspicuous and really fine architectural object,—improved rather than not, by distance—certainly not magnified yet impressing the imagination with the idea of superior magnitude. To say the truth, this quarter of the metropolis is assuming a very different aspect from what it has hitherto presented; it begins to look airy and youthful; and as the improvements proceed, they will greatly lessen the striking, and to the city, not very flattering contrast between the east end of the town and the west.

In continuation of these improvements to the south of what may be termed the city *equator*, viz. Cornhill, others upon a similar extent will be carried on, to the north of it, a new street being about to be formed from Lothbury in that direction, extending parallel to Colman Street. Preparations are likewise actually commenced for greatly widening the entrance into this latter, at its south end, which has hitherto been exceedingly confined and inconvenient, nay even dangerous, particularly since the introduction of Omnibuses. The formation of another direct thoroughfare, northward,—from Farringdon Street through the labyrinth of dismal and filthy lanes in the district of Saffron Hill, will not only greatly facilitate communication, but let both air and improvement into a quarter where they are much wanted.

In connection with the above may be mentioned the improvements which have taken place in Fleet Street, and which will be still more striking when the building adjoining new St. Dunstan's church, intended we believe for the Law Life Insurance Office, and promising to be a very handsome structure, and rather a novelty in street architecture, shall be completed.

In this brief and rapid survey we have taken no notice of individual features, nor said any thing of Fishmongers Hall, and other recent pieces of architecture, because we shall probably take an early opportunity of discussing their merits more leisurely. For the present we shall content ourselves with adverting to the gross ignorance or blundering carelessness of some of the newspaper paragraphs which pretend to describe them. One paper has informed its readers that Fishmongers' Hall has Ionic columns in its river front, and Doric ones in that facing the street; whereas they are precisely the same in both, so that if the latter be Doric, the others must be so likewise. Another startled us not a little when describing the new City Club House, it observed, "this is a plain but handsome building in which convenience is more consulted than decorative architecture, as it has neither portico, nor columns, nor pilasters!" A stranger, looking at St. Paul's in a thick fog, might be excused for fancying it had no dome, but how any one can even pass by the City Club House, without perceiving that it has pilasters, is to us perfectly incomprehensible.

Mr. Barnard's circular intimates, that works intended for exhibition and sale at the British Gallery the ensuing season, must be sent there for the inspection of the committee, on Monday 13th and Tuesday 14th of January next, between the hours of ten and five.

• *Vide Standard, October 22.*

embellishments which are placed upon the face of the subject, and which are intended to make it more attractive to the eye, and to give it a more pleasing appearance than it would otherwise have. These ornaments are usually made of gold or silver, and are often set with precious stones. They are worn by both men and women, and are especially popular among the people of the East.

The most common ornaments are the turban, the shawl, and the jewelry. The turban is a large, rounded headpiece which is worn by men. It is usually made of cotton or silk, and is decorated with a band of gold or silver. The shawl is a long, rectangular piece of cloth which is worn over the shoulders. It is usually made of wool or silk, and is often decorated with a border of gold or silver. Jewelry includes necklaces, earrings, and bangles. These are usually made of gold or silver, and are often set with precious stones.

In addition to these ornaments, there are also many other things which are worn as decorations. These include scarves, gloves, shoes, and hats. Each of these items has its own distinctive style, and they all contribute to the overall appearance of the person wearing them.

The art of ornamentation is a very old one, and it has been practiced by people of all cultures and in all times. It is a way of expressing oneself, and it is a way of making life more beautiful. Whether it is through the use of simple materials or through the use of precious metals and stones, the goal is always the same: to make the person wearing the ornament feel better about themselves, and to make others look at them with admiration.

There is no doubt that ornaments play a very important role in our lives. They are a part of our culture, and they are a part of our identity. Without them, we would be much less interesting, and we would be much less confident. So let us cherish our ornaments, and let us wear them with pride.

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1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

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Painted by J. Smith.  
Late Keeper of the British Museum.

G. F. Robson